

THE
LITERARY MAGAZINE,
AND
AMERICAN REGISTER.

No. 18.

MARCH, 1805.

VOL. III.

FOR THE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

THE SECRET OF LONG LIFE.

THERE is a chimney in an ancient house in this city (Philadelphia), in which a fire was kept continually burning for upwards of forty years. The old gentleman who attended this mysterious flame died a very few years ago, and seems not to have succeeded in discovering the grand secret of which he was in search. Indeed he always attributed his ultimate failure to the necessity of withdrawing his attention from the momentous process for a whole day, in consequence of the confusion and panic occasioned by the entry of the British army into Philadelphia. He lived and died what they called a violent tory or anti-revolutionist. After this event his hostile zeal was more ardent than ever; for, says he, what was it deprived the world and me of this great discovery but the war?

Ingenious men have wasted their whole lives, in innumerable cases, in search of the art of making gold; not, as we would naturally, at first, imagine, for the sake of the pleasures or benefits accruing from riches, but for the mere sake of the discovery. The imagination of man is

capable of dressing out any object in alluring colours; and it is the property of human nature to become attached to any pursuit on its own account, though perhaps it was at first embraced with views to remote or collateral consequences. Thus the miser contracts a passion for money itself, though money was originally sought by him merely for the sake of what money would purchase.

With the secret of making gold has always been connected, in our fancy, the secret of eternal youth and eternal life. The latter object is far more venerable and desirable than the former. Inexhaustible wealth is of little consequence to him who wants life or even health to enjoy it; whereas he who lives for ever, with his faculties of mind and body sound and perfect, need never despair of being sometime rich. Having centuries before him in which to lay and mature his plans for bringing some of the gold already in circulation into his coffers, he need not trouble himself with extraordinary and untried schemes.— Even if he sit down in absolute inactivity, and wait the gratuitous fa-

vours of fortune, the richest of these favours will sometime light upon him. As the particles of matter, of which terrestrial bodies are composed, must assume all possible forms through the endless revolutions of nature, so one of these particles or members of which the social or political body is composed, if it last a few thousand years, must necessarily pass through all the conditions known in human society.

The following anecdote, related by Dr. Campbell, in his *Hermiphus redivivus*, has always been of great weight with the votaries of alchemy :

In 1687, a stranger, naming himself signor Gualdi, profited of the known ease and freedom of Venice, to render himself much respected and well received there. He spent his money readily, but was never observed to have connection with any banker. He was perfectly well bred, and remarkable for his sagacity and powers of entertainment in conversation. Enquiries were made about his family, and whence he came, but all terminated in obscurity. One day a Venetian noble, admiring the stranger's pictures, which were exquisitely fine, and fixing his eye on one of them, exclaimed, "How is this, sir! Here is a portrait of yourself, drawn by the hand of Titian! yet that artist has been dead one hundred and thirty years, and you look not to be more than fifty!" "Well, signor," replied the stranger, "there is, I hope, no crime in resembling a portrait drawn by Titian." The noble visitant withdrew, perceiving that he had touched upon a tender string, and next morning the stranger, his pictures, goods, and domestics had quitted Venice.

The inference suggested by this narrative is, no doubt, meant to be that this stranger possessed the secret of living for ever. This inference, indeed, is not a very obvious one; for, as signor Gualdi observed, there is nothing either criminal or wonderful in resembling a portrait of Titian.

Campbell refers to an Italian author as his authority for this story. Godwin, in planning his *St. Leon*, had the curiosity to refer to the original; but this original, said by Campbell to be in the British Museum, was no where to be found, so that this important fact, which has plunged many a sober mind into doubtful meditation, turns out to be a mere modern invention.

The most judicious observations on this imaginary art, and those who study or pretend to teach it, are to be found in Dr. Willich's celebrated treatise on health and long life.

MEDICUS.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE CLASSICS LOST.

To the Editor, &c.

I AM a great admirer of the classics; but it appears to me that this admiration, though productive of a great deal of pleasure, is fertile also of infinite regrets. What we have is of such exquisite flavour, that we the more repine at what we have lost. When I read Sophocles, Euripides, or Aristophanes, I feel an insupportable longing for those parts of their writings, and for the writings of others no less eminent, which have been lost. Thus it is, in perusing the works of Sallust, Tacitus, and Livy, the most eloquent historians of the most illustrious times; the regret inspired by the chasms in their works, is, if possible, more keen than the pleasure afforded by the portions that are extant. Indeed the pain on the one hand is excited by the pleasure on the other, and is generally proportioned to it. It is well known that the larger history of Sallust, which was probably not inferior in merit or minuteness to that of Livy, is wholly lost, and that the most valuable portion of Tacitus and Livy are irrecoverably gone.

If any thing can aggravate our regrets on this account, it must be

the reflexion on the manner in which this loss has probably taken place. What must be the feelings of a classical enthusiast when he reads such narratives as the following!

The tutor of a young French nobleman, as he was playing at tennis one day, at an estate near Saumur, casting his eyes on the racquet in his hand, saw some writing on the parchment which covered it, and, having perused it with attention, found it to be part of one of the lost books of Livy. He immediately enquired for the racquet-maker, but found, to his great mortification, that what he had seen was the remains of a collection of manuscripts, which were all made up for racquets, and dispersed all over the kingdom.

There are wanting, of the works of Cicero, two books, "*De Gloria*," and two "*De Legibus*." As to the latter, we know of our loss only from Macrobius, who quotes the *fifth* book "*De Legibus*," in the sixth of his *Saturnalia*, though we have but *three*. As to the treatise on *Glory*, Francis Philelphus is accused of having found the MS. and destroyed it, after having transplanted into a book, which he published as his own, as many passages as he thought he might venture without being discovered. But Varillos, a French historian, relates, that Petrus Alcyonius, an Italian physician, being obliged to write somewhat for the consolation of Cornaro, a Venetian in exile for having been beaten by the Turks, composed a book, which he entitled "*De fortiter toleranda exilii fortunâ*," and into which he introduced many ill-adjusted sentences from Tully's treatise "*De Gloria*," which MS. he afterwards burnt, to prevent the discovery of his plagiarism. Nothing, however, seems certain concerning this much wished for work, except what Petrarch tells us, in one of his epistles, that Raimond Sorenzo, a celebrated lawyer at Avignon, gave the two books "*De Gloria*" to him; that he studied them perpetually; but that having lent them to an old man, who had been his preceptor, want

had tempted the borrower to pawn them. Afterwards the old man left the country, and the manuscript was never more heard of.

Pope Gregory VII destroyed many manuscripts of the classics deposited in the Vatican library.—Among the pieces which suffered were many books of Varro, one of the few authors who discussed the agricultural and domestic economy of his countrymen. Gregory having a great respect for St. Augustine, who is indeed regarded by the Romanists as more oracular, in points of discipline, at least, than the gospels themselves, and knowing the free use of that Roman author which the saint had made in his most celebrated work, chose rather to destroy Varro than to have the good father convicted of plagiarism. Of all the motives for destroying original works, to conceal a plagiarism seems to be the least deplorable. For in this case, properly speaking, that part of it which some literary knave has pilfered for his own use still survives, and the true gem cannot be of much value, or the penetration of the observer not very acute, if it cannot be distinguished in whatever situation it be found.

For the Literary Magazine.

VIRGIL'S MORNINGS.

THESE great natural exhibitions, evening and morning, have always been thought peculiarly susceptible of poetical description and embellishment. As I turned over the pages of the Mantuan bard lately, it occurred to me to enquire how he had pictured the *morning*; for, often as I have read this my favourite poet, I should not have been able to give any account of his poetry in this particular. I was surprised to perceive, that the morning did not appear to be a favourite object of attention with him, for I did not meet with it once in the *Eclogues*, and only once in the *Georgics*. In

the *Æneid*, which, as a narrative conducted through many successive days, would naturally require the morning to be frequently introduced, it occurs, I believe, only eleven times, which is at the rate of less than once in each book. The particular allusion or description extends to the length of two lines only in two instances, and in three cases the same identical line is repeated. Three times does he repeat

Titheni croceum linguens Aurora cubile.

This is a very plain and concise allusion to an old story, of Aurora being enamoured of a Trojan prince, Tithonus. Virgil seems to have been very fond of this image, in which, I must acknowledge, I cannot discover either much propriety or beauty. It seems with him a sort of technical or customary description of the morning, always proper, and always at hand, when he was too lazy or too barren for any other picture. By the way, it is a literal translation from Homer.

In the following passage he makes an allusion to another mythological story.

Nonamque serena
Auroram Phaetonis equi jam luce vehē-
bant.

This passage contains nothing properly characteristic or descriptive of the morning.

The ancients were much accustomed to consider the sun as a deity, riding in, or rather driving a chariot, with sometimes two and sometimes four horses. The tale of Phaeton, which is founded upon this belief, is well known. Virgil, like the other poets of his age and nation, naturally fell into this allusion, as in the following lines :

Cælo
Puniceis invecta rotis Aurora rubebat.

Ethere ab alto
Aurora in roseis fulgebat lutea bigis.

That is, in the first of these passages, "Aurora, carried upon *purple wheels*, reddens in the sky." In the second, "The yellow Aurora shines in *rosy traces*." In the first case, the *wheels*, and in the second, the yoke, or *coupling*, forms the principal image.

In the following lines the poet drops his mythological incumbrances, and describes the *natural appearance*, without the least circuitry or ornament.

Jamque rubescebat radiis mare—Auro-
ra—

Jamque rubescebat stellis Aurora fugatis.

Aurora radiis retexerat orbem.

Humentamque Aurora polo dimoverat
umbram.

In the following lines he returns a little into the customary tract, and speaks like his countrymen, as if the earth was only an island in a flat sea.

Oceanum interia surgens Aurora reliquit.

The following is the only passage I have met with in which the morning is described, not with its *physical*, but its *moral* accompaniments. Sad, however, and strangely gloomy is the garb in which the pensive poet has arrayed her. He views the dawn of day, not as the rural or picturesque enthusiast, who is enchanted with its tints, or animated with its cheerful promises, but like the busy or slavish classes of mankind, to whom each rising day only brings a renewal of labour and of care.

Aurora interia miseris mortalibus almam
Extulerat lucem referens opera atque la-
bores.

Virgil will, I think, appear not to have shone very eminently in this department of poetical description. Many of our English poets, and principally Spenser and Shakespeare, have described the morning

in colours and with circumstances far more picturesque, splendid, various, and rich, than any of the Greek or Roman poets.

CRITO.

For the Literary Magazine.

FALSE WIT.

AS nothing occurs oftener in conversation than *puns*, so nothing seems to be oftener commented on by the writers of short essays and scraps. One would think nothing new could be said upon punning, and yet I cannot help encountering the hazard of saying trite and tedious things, by once more putting pen to paper, from the impulse which has been given to my thoughts by a punning epitaph, written by one of my friends, and which appears to me no contemptible performance in that style.

A poetical dyer (not Dyer the poet) is supposed to dedicate the following doleful stanzas to his deceased wife.

My wife has died and gone to dust,
The thing is strange to me;
Yet not a soul alive, I trust,
E'er dyed so much as she.

To dye, indeed, was all her pride,
For threescore years and four:
She dyed each day she lived, and died
When she could live no more.

When she grew old, I know not why,
Her dyeing days were past,
And so, for want of cloth to dye,
She died herself at last.

Aristotle is said to have taken great pains in dividing into genera and species the tribe of verbal witticisms, and Dean Swift did not disdain to employ his time in manufacturing clinches, conundrums, and puns, of all possible kinds and sorts. I hope I may not be severely cen-

sured for venturing to enquire, of those who have nothing better to attend to, to what genus or species the following is to be referred.

The celebrated Radcliff, in his early days, and before his practice enabled him to keep a horse, was met by a rival physician, who was extremely well mounted, and who was very proud of his steed. A friend of Radcliff's, who met him at the same instant, pointing to the horse, observed, "Is not that a very fine horse, doctor?" "Aye, aye," replied the other, sneeringly, "he may pass for a tolerably horse-doctor."

If you will allow me to trifle a little longer, I will add another specimen of the same kind.

Says Will to Tom, the other day,
As I was loitering in a lane
Down by the shore, I saw a house
Fly through a window's broken pane.

Tush, man, a stranger sight than that
I met this morning, Tom replied:
I swear I saw a winged horse
Fly o'er a river three miles wide.

Now, my grave reader, what think you?
Believe or not, they both said true.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE FLAVIAN AMPHITHEATRE AT ROME.

From a Manuscript Journal.

WITH my peculiar taste, you will not wonder that the greatest objects of my curiosity in Rome were the Flavian amphitheatre and St. Peter's church. These are the greatest structures, in every point of view, which the world contains, and both evince the power and wealth of an imperial people.

Think not that I am going to give you a description of these stupendous monuments of art, power, and riches; for nobody could give an

intelligible description, or obtain, from actual survey, an adequate idea of them, without a great deal of architectural knowledge, and without time, and opportunities, and instruments which no traveller possesses. The survey, in this case, has been made already; and you, three thousand miles off, may gain a more accurate notion of these structures, from the works of Fontana, than another who passes his life within view of them. Indeed, without his assistance, it is impossible truly to comprehend them at all; and I came hither with a mind elated with expectation, merely that I might add the impression of the senses to those of the fancy.

The shape, dimensions, and uses of the amphitheatre are objects of awful contemplation. Its shape is a broad oval, about six hundred feet in length by five hundred in breadth. The space within these limits is filled with masonry, except a similar oval in the centre, three hundred and twenty by two hundred and twenty feet. The interior wall rises to the height of a hundred and sixty feet. This height declines inward towards the before-mentioned oval in the centre, at the edge of which the building terminates in a wall, fifteen feet high. The greater part of this slope is moulded into seats.

This building is a contrivance for seating a great number of persons, so that they may conveniently view an exhibition in the central area. This is the most extensive building ever applied to that purpose, and probably the largest that could be conveniently applied to it. From the centre of the arena to the outer wall, the greatest distance is three hundred feet, but the remotest seats are not further than three hundred feet from the remotest part of the arena. At this distance, one might distinctly see the gestures of a single person. These seats could conveniently accommodate upwards of one hundred thousand persons; and over the whole was occasionally ex-

tended an awning, to divert the sun and rain, the only roof of which such a building was susceptible.

The present state of this building is a strong proof, among many others, that the Romans built for immortal duration. Much of it is delapidated, but only by the same power that erected it. Time could not consume the texture of the stone; none of the usual commotions of the elements could shake them from their places. The pieces of the walls and arches are large blocks, *by their own weight made steadfast and immoveable*; and the loftiest and most slender arches are among those that are still entire. It is now about seventeen hundred years since these stones were put together, and there is no doubt that the building would have been entire at this day, had not the battering ram been often employed to overturn its walls and dislodge an enemy, or the stones taken away one by one to construct other edifices.

The great architect, Fontana, used to sigh over these ruins with regret and indignation. He thought the modern chiefs of Rome could not employ their wealth and power more usefully, than by restoring this wonderful edifice to its pristine state. Neither manners nor religion would allow the arena to be employed in the ancient way, but he thought the structure peculiarly adapted to the great and pompous exhibitions of the Roman religion, of which the whole christian world are occasionally spectators.

Where a single person, or where two or three persons, are exhibited to the eyes of a multitude, it is only necessary that they should occupy a pulpit or stage, a little above the heads of the beholders. Thus it is in the christian temples. The grand christmas benediction is bestowed in the view of tens of thousands, standing together on a flat plane, by the pope, stationed at a lofty window; but a drama containing scores or hundreds of actors, as in the ancient gladiatorial and modern mili-

tary exhibitions, can only be viewed by a vast number, or even by a small number of spectators, from a succession of gradually ascending seats, like those of the Roman theatres and amphitheatres.

Fontana rails at the homely and unsightly aspect of a great multitude standing or sitting on a plane. The grandest part of a spectacle, he says, is formed by the spectators themselves. In this he is doubtless in the right. It is impossible for any sublunary show to equal the variety and grandeur of one formed by a hundred thousand living and animated human faces, ranged in one convenient view. In the modern fashion, the multitude can only be seen from an elevated station, and even then with much less advantage than in the amphitheatrical order. To see the preacher, or orator, or actor, they must turn their eyes upward, in a painful and incommodious posture.

To reconcile the convenience of the amphitheatre with the formalities and modes of the Roman worship, Fontana proposed to erect a magnificent church at one end of the arena, whose plan and embellishments might easily be made to coincide with the principles of the original structure. This church would serve the purpose only of a more complete or complicated rostrum or stage, for exhibiting those awful pantomimes, which constitute the Roman worship, the ceremonies of the papal inauguration, and the great festivals of christmas and the jubilee.

For my part, I admire inexpressibly these ideas of Fontana. Instead of raising an enormous temple from the ground, composed, in no small degree, of combustible materials, and raised to a great height indeed, but comparatively on a tottering foundation, how much better would the same talents, power, and riches have been employed, in restoring and embellishing the amphitheatre, and augmenting it according to Fontana's plan! To effect

this would have required but a small portion of the wealth expended in the *Templum Vaticanum*, and thus the imperial genius of Rome would have still continued to hover over the same favourite and august spot.

What a topic of sublime reflection would the traveller have enjoyed, in beholding this vast structure filled with a concourse of nations, from all parts of the christian world, drawn thither by devotion or curiosity; the arena occupied with numerous processions; and the gallery of the church, at one end, the scene of some splendid and solemn rite! Nothing to be found in the actual state of Rome is worthy of comparison with such a spectacle.

How much must the man of taste regret, that the wanton violence and havoc of lawless hands has defaced and overturned so much of this structure. All that was required to its preservation was to let it alone. Nothing would have vanished but a few beams and boards, easily renewed. Even all the minuter sculptures and mosaics would have remained entire, and every considerable expence been rendered needless. Now it is only a monstrous and cumbrous ruin; and, since it can never be restored, the only proper use of its remains is to contribute to the building of houses, and the paving of streets, in the neighbourhood. At present it is, at least to me, an object more of painful than of pleasurable contemplation.

For the Literary Magazine.

DON QUIXOTE.

DR. WARTON, in his Essay on Pope, observes, that the dialogue in the Essay on Criticism, between the poet and the mad knight, is not taken from the *Don Quixote* of Cervantes, but from one that is commonly called a continuation of it, and which was, in fact, written

after the publication of the first part, and before the second part appeared. For this reason, and some others, this performance, though inferior to the work of Cervantes, deserves more attention than is usually given to it. It is said to have been written by a person named Alonso Fernandes d'Avellanada; but this is supposed to be a fictitious name. This book was translated into French by Le Sage, a proof that he thought it not destitute of merit: there is likewise an English version, by one Baker; and Cervantes himself alludes to it, several times, in the second part of his own Don Quixote, particularly in chapters LIX and LXXII. One circumstance, indeed, renders this book a literary curiosity: the great probability that it caused Cervantes to make his Don Quixote a different character, in his second part, from what he was in the first. In the first part, it is true, he is not drawn as an absolute maniac, when not discoursing of knight errantry; but all his conversation is tinged with singularity, and the pertinent things he says are incoherently arranged, and out of place, as his long speech to the goat-herds on the golden age; but, in the second part, he is made a man of sound judgment, and elegant literature, when the subject of his madness is not immediately touched on. Now this seems to have risen from a desire of Cervantes to show he could, in every mode of writing, excel his rival, who had made the character of his Don Quixote a vehicle to convey his own learning to the public, a circumstance, of which the passage quoted by Pope is a striking instance. Cervantes would not, perhaps, have ever written a second part, had he not been provoked to it, by finding the subject taken out of his hands, by one so much inferior in the art of writing; and he certainly killed his hero at last, for the same reason which moved Addison to slay his sir Roger de Coverly, that he might not be made a fool of, by getting into other hands.

For the Literary Magazine.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE GREAT
DISMAL SWAMP.

IN relation to human purposes, this singular swamp justly deserves the expressive name commonly given to it, that of wilderness or *dismal*, no condition of the earth's surface being more wild and irreclaimable than this. It is scarcely possible to penetrate or pass through it. The foot, at every step, sinks not less than twelve or fifteen inches deep into the soil. The trees are generally small; they grow very thick together, and the undergrowth or shrubbery is so luxuriant, and composed of such tenacious, perplexing, and thorny wood, that the sight is bounded to a few feet, the flesh wounded and torn at every point, and a path only to be made by the incessant use of the hatchet. The stinging insects are likewise innumerable, and extremely venomous, and the exhalations fatal to human life. On the whole, it would be difficult to imagine a situation on this globe less suitable for human habitation and subsistence than an American DISMAL.

Yet the very circumstances that make it unsuitable for man, are those which produce an incredible abundance of vegetable and animal life. Not only the surface is covered with branches, leaves, flowers, and fruit, to such a degree that the sight cannot extend a foot beyond the eye, and the hand cannot be thrust forward an inch without encountering opposition, but the soil itself, to the depth of fifteen or twenty feet, is one closely woven mass of vegetable fibres. A sharp stake can be thrust down by the hand to that depth, through a mossy, spongy, yielding mass, which, on the withdrawing of the foot or staff, instantly resumes its place, so as to leave no trace visible.

The following particulars, respecting one of these swamps, are furnished by an intelligent person, whose calling is that of a surveyor,

and who has been for many years employed in constructing a map of his native state, North Carolina. He has encamped, hundreds of times, on the borders of the *dismal* he describes, and has penetrated further into it than any of his countrymen. His calculations, therefore, though, from the nature of the subject, not infallibly or mathematically true, may yet claim a considerable degree of credit.

That part of the *Great Dismal*, lying between Albermarle Sound and the frontier of Virginia, contains about two hundred and fifty square miles. It is a vast plain, slightly inclined, the greatest elevation of the highest above the lowest part being about thirty feet. This inclination, though insufficient to drain off all the moisture, does yet occasion a considerable flow of waters, south-eastward, into a space called Lake Drummond. This lake is a sort of standing pool, whose bottom resembles the soil of the swamp. It is apparently motionless, and transparent as air; thronged with fish, and between three and four feet deep. The banks or borders of this lake are of somewhat firmer footing than the neighbouring spaces, the timber is taller, and the undergrowth less perplexing. They have even afforded an asylum and subsistence to fugitive negroes for several years.

The margin of the swamp abounds with pine, oak, poplar, gum, and an evergreen called laurel, all of gigantic size. The swamp itself produces the same species, but here they degenerate into *pigmies*, whose height is from fifteen to twenty feet, and whose trunk is generally equal to the wrist. The smallness of the trees is compensated by their number, and the exuberance of flowering or berry-bearing plants amazing.

Lake Drummond, though supplied chiefly by that part of the *dismal* now under our view, lies within the frontier of Virginia. Exclusive of this, and of the Virginian part of the swamp, the area of the *Great Dismal* is 250 square miles, or 160,000 acres.

VOL. III. NO. XVIII.

For the Literary Magazine.

VISIT TO THE PRISONS OF VENICE.

DR. MOSELY has given the following account of the prisons at Venice:

"I was conducted," says he, "through the prison, with one of its inferior dependents. We had torches with us. We crept along narrow passages, as dark as pitch: in some of them two people could scarcely pass each other. The cells are made of massy marble, the architecture of the celebrated Sansovino.

"The cells are not only dark, and black as ink, but, being surrounded and confined with huge walls, the smallest breath of air can scarcely find circulation in them. They are about nine feet square, on the floor, arched at the top, and between six and seven feet in the highest part. There is to each cell a round hole, of eight inches diameter, through which the prisoner's daily allowance of twelve ounces of bread and a pot of water is delivered to him. There is a small iron door to the cell. The furniture of the cell is a little straw, and a small tub: nothing else. The straw is removed, and the tub emptied, through the iron door, occasionally.

"The diet is ingeniously contrived for the perpetuation of punishment. Animal food, or a cordial nutritious regimen, in such a situation, would bring on disease, and defeat the end of this Venetian justice.

"Neither can the soul, if so inclined, steal away, wrapt up in slumbering delusion, or sink to rest, from the admonition of her sad existence, by the jailor's daily return.

"I saw one man, who had been in a cell thirty years; two who had been twelve years; and several who had been eight and nine years in their respective cells.

"By my taper's light, I could discover the prisoners' horrid countenances. They were all naked. The man who had been there thirty years in face and body was covered with

long hair. He had lost the arrangement of words, and the order of language. When I spoke to him, he made an unintelligible noise ; expressed fear and surprize ; and, like some wild animals in deserts, which have suffered by the treachery of the human race, or have an instinctive abhorrence of it, he would have fled like lightning, if he could."

Here, in several circumstances attending the fate of one of the prisoners, we perceive a close resemblance between what I suppose is a faithful relation, and Sterne's fancied description of his "Captive." The latter describes his situation in the most pathetic and affecting manner.

"I beheld," says he, "his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it is which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish. In thirty years, the western breeze had not once fanned his blood. He had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time ; nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice. His children—but here my heart began to bleed, and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait."

Where is that being who can read unmoved this pathetic description ? where is the heart unaffected by the miseries of the unfortunate captive ? It affects even to weeping, and we melt at the recital of such intolerable misery.

But how are we affected by the doctor's relation ? here is only a statement of facts, plain and unadorned. "He was covered in face and body with long hair." The hardships he had endured were too terrible for nature ; her noblest work, the form, was defaced ; the general outline still remained, but like some noble edifice defaced by the hand of war, its shattered remains exhibited but the shadow of its former glory. He was rendered like a wild beast, a monster ; an alien from his species, and an outcast from society.

Shade of the sentimental, the pa-

thetic Sterne ! if still thou wanderest amidst the scenes of earth ; if still thou art sensible of what is passing among thy fellow creatures ; if still thy sensibility can suffer beneath the attempts which envy may make to depreciate thy merit ; think not I rank among those who would endeavour to exalt the living, by attacking the dead. No : thou wilt rather receive pleasure at beholding justice rendered to thy fellow mortal, though it may partially interfere with thy own claims. But the effusions of so humble a scribe can never pain thy spirit, or interrupt its repose.

"He had lost the arrangement of words, and the order of language." This simple relation paints at once his situation, better than whole pages of elaborate description. If we are melted at the picture of Sterne, here we are completely overpowered ; we are struck dumb with horror, pity, and indignation ; it strikes with the force of a thunderbolt ; a dreadful weight of inexpressible sensations suspends the use of every faculty. Before we wept ; here our feelings are too painful, too intolerable, to be relieved by tears, or vented by utterance.

"When I spoke to him, he made an unintelligible noise ; expressed fear and surprize ; and, like some wild animals of the desert, which have suffered by the treachery of the human race, or have an instinctive abhorrence of it, he would have fled like lightning, if he could." To him language had become useless ; he had none to converse with, none to whom he might impart a knowledge of his sufferings, or communicate his ideas. For thirty years he had not heard the sound of the human voice. For thirty years, reflection alone could present him with any subject for contemplation ; the view of nature was obstructed by the narrow and blackened walls of a loathsome and detested cell. "He had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time, nor had the western breeze once fanned his blood." Language could only employ itself in curses on

his tyrants, or in petitions to his God. Memory sunk beneath a load of miseries, and words were no longer recollected.

Alas! to him the sight of man was dreadful. His detested prison had not for thirty years been cheered by his presence. He remembered him only as the author of his woes, as a cruel and unrelenting tyrant. To him he came not as a friend, as a brother, to pity and assist him, or sympathise with him in his sufferings; no wife, no children came to comfort him in his inexpressibly horrid confinement. The appearance of man, who ought to be the friend of man, was torture to his soul. He rushed not to his embrace; he folded him not to his bosom; to him he looked not for friendship; he knew him not as a man, but as an object of terror; he fled from him like a wild beast; he had lost all his native dignity; his mental faculties were destroyed by the sufferings he had endured. Oh horrid picture!

VALVERDI.

March 5th, 1805.

For the Literary Magazine.

A STAGE COACH ANECDOTE.

TWO passengers set out from their inn in London, early on a December morn. It was dark as pitch; and one of them, not being sleepy, and wishing for a little conversation, endeavoured, in the usual travelling mode, to stimulate his neighbour to discourse. "A very dark morn, sir." "Shocking cold weather for travelling." "Slow going in these heavy roads, sir." None of these questions producing a word of answer, the sociable man made one more effort. He stretched out his hand, and feeling the other's habit, exclaimed, "What a very comfortable coat, sir, you have got, to travel in!" No answer was made, and the enquirer, fatigued and disgusted, fell into a sound nap,

nor awoke until the brightest rays of a winter's sun accounted to him for the taciturnity of his comrade, by presenting to his astonished view a huge bear, luckily for him muzzled and confined, in a sitting posture.

For the Literary Magazine.

ADVERSARIA.

NO. VI.

PROPERTY AND MARRIAGE.

ALMOST all the relative duties of human life will be found more immediately, or more remotely, to arise out of the two great institutions of PROPERTY AND MARRIAGE; they constitute, preserve, and improve society. Upon their gradual improvement depends the progressive civilization of mankind; on them rests the whole order of civil life. These two great institutions convert the selfish as well as the social passions of our nature into the firmest bands of a peaceable and orderly intercourse; they change the sources of discord into principles of quiet; they discipline the most ungovernable; they refine the grossest, and they exalt the most sordid, propensities; so that they become the perpetual fountain of all that strengthens, and preserves, and adorns society; they sustain the individual, and they perpetuate the race. Around these institutions all our social duties will be found, at various distances, to range themselves; some more near, obviously essential to the good order of human life; others more remote, and of which the necessity is not, at first view, so apparent; and some so distant that their importance has been sometimes doubted; though, upon more mature consideration, they will be found to be outposts and advanced guards of these fundamental principles; that man should enjoy the fruits of his labour, and that

the society of the sexes should be so wisely ordered as to make it a school of the kind affections, and a fit nursery for the commonwealth.

—
FEMALE DRESS.

My great attention to the interests of those of my female friends who may honour my scraps with their notice, has, no doubt, been discovered before now, and, I hope, has received its merited thanks. As few things excite their curiosity so much as the dresses of their neighbours, I copy, for their amusement, Homer's description of the garments of Irene, when employed in a much more important undertaking than an exhibition at a birth-night, or an attack on the heart of a beau; and I beg them to imitate her simplicity, whatever they may think of her nudity. A modest commentator, the learned Eusebius, exults not a little at finding that Irene resorted to none of those contemptible artifices to embellish her face, and that she could decorate herself without the aid of a mirror or a maid.

Her artful hands the radiant tresses ty'd;
Part on her head in shining ringlets
roll'd,
Part o'er her shoulders wav'd like melted
gold.
Around her next a heavenly mantle
flow'd,
That rich with Pallas' labour'd colours
glow'd;
Large clasps of gold the foldings gathered round;
A golden zone her swelling bosom bound.
Far beaming pendants tremble in her
ear,
Each gem illumined with a precious
star.
Then o'er her head she casts her veil
more white
Than new-fall'n snow, and dazzling as
the light.
Last her fair feet celestial sandals grace.

—
MANNERS.

I am sometimes amused at listening to the complaints which ladies

make of the familiarity and levity which distinguish the behaviour of their beaux. The fact is, the evils they lament they themselves create. It is in the power of any lady to command the respect of her admirers. It is they who polish the manners and soften the rugged nature of man. In ancient times, in the gallant days of chivalry, the slightest favour was prized with a sort of reverence, because it was rare, and was only the reward of merit. But by degrees such marks were bestowed on all who could make a well turned compliment, and according to the degree of its absurdity. As women value their favours so will they be prized.—There is an old proverb on this subject, *but it is musty*.

—
The din of politics, in all companies, makes one sometimes envy the Carthusian monks, of whom it is said, they lived a life of tranquillity, amidst the general tumults which distracted the rest of the world, of which they hardly heard the rumours, and knew nothing of the mighty sovereigns but by name, when they prayed for them. Volt. Hist. iv. 128.

The same writer makes use of a simile, which is as happily conceived as it is elegantly expressed.

The artificers and merchants, whose humble station had protected them from the ambitious fury of the great, were like ants who dug themselves peaceable and secure habitations, while the eagles and vultures of the world were tearing one another in pieces.

Although retirement is my dear delight, says Melmoth, yet, upon some occasions, I think I have too much of it, and I agree with Balsac, *Que la solitude est certainement une belle chose, mais il y a plaisir d'avoir quelqu'un a qui on puisse dire de tems en tems que la solitude est une belle chose*. Solitude is certainly a fine thing, but there is a pleasure in having some one whom

we may tell, from time to time, that solitude is a fine thing.

It is the disadvantage of retirement and solitude, that men fall into erroneous and fantastical opinions, for want of sifting and proving them in conversation and friendly debate.

I observe a turbulent and factious spirit is just beginning to manifest itself, in some parts of this still unsettled country, which would tear up the ancient land marks of government, and eradicate every principle of a really free constitution. Innovations are always dangerous, and innovators have always been feared. Diodorus Siculus informs us of a regulation of Charondas, the legislator of Thurium, in Magna Græcia, which, with some mitigation of its severity, I should be glad to see in force here.

Charondas is said to have instituted a most strange regulation, with regard to the amendment of laws; for, observing, in most states, the established forms and government disturbed, and the people drawn into insurrection, by the number of persons who undertook to reform the constitution, he made this singular and unprecedented law. He ordained, that any person who wished to amend any law, should attend, when the senate met to consider it, with his head in a noose, and there continue till the sentiments of the people on the proposed amendment were declared. If it was confirmed by the assembly, he was released; but, if it was negatived, he was immediately strangled.

The mistakes which some of the English, whose pronunciation is vitiated by habit or affectation, may commit, are ludicrous. A well-meaning politician might endanger his neck, by wishing the present administration was all haltered; and a whining lover be driven to despair

and a duck pond, by wishing to conquer the *art* of his mistress, and pointing out to her the *haltar* of *'ymen*.

Matthew Paris has left us an account of the "*Devil's Stage-Plays*," as he terms them, said to have been exhibited, with many other curious sights, to the soul of a pious catholic rustic, under the special patronage of the saints. The following is a specimen of this very singular performance.

The scene, *Hell*.

"First, they (the devils) introduced a very proud man, in his robes, strutting along big, cocking his eye-brows, uttering swelling words; in short, braving all the manners of imperiousness and arrogance: but while he was threatening horrible executions, and priding himself in his trappings, all on a sudden they turned into a flame around him, burning him most dimly, and then the devils seizing him, tormented him beyond what human malice can imagine."

The other characters, composing this *diabolical drama*, were a priest, a soldier, a *lawyer*, his rib, an adulteress with her gallants, two backbiters, and, lastly, a chorus of thieves, incendiaries, and violators of holy places.

No less a personage than St. Anthony, *in propria persona*, is marshal-general of the troops of Portugal! In 1706, the saint was made a soldier, subaltern, and captain; and being dressed up, he was at length elevated to that of marshal-general, with a pension of one hundred and fifty ducats. The first cannon ball, fired by the army of the duke of Brunswick, unfortunately took off the head of the holy general, who had been placed in an open chaise. It is said, that the

pay of this sacred officer is still punctually deposited by the sovereigns, at the chapel royal, every year, in a purse of red velvet.

Strange, that such gross ignorance should so long have pervaded a country, which, almost three centuries ago, gave birth to CAMOENS.

—

I have just met with a curious instance of alliteration, which I copy here, to show to what lengths the ancients carried this poetical artifice. It cannot be disputed that the harmony of verse is much promoted by a skilful alliteration, but the great fault with many writers is, that they resort to its *artful aid* so often, and with so much apparent self-gratulation, that they betray a narrow mind, more intent on the balancing of a period, or harmony of a line, than the novelty of an idea, or the accuracy of a sentiment. The instance that induced me to take up my pen is this. My readers must not be displeased at the continual obtrusion of quotation, throughout this work, since my professed object is to introduce such passages as I may meet with in the course of my reading, which are distinguished either for their excellence or absurdity.

Plaudite porcélli; porcorum pigra propago
Progréditur, plures porci pinguédine pleni
Pugnantes pergunt. Péculum pars prodigiosa
Perturbat pede petrosas plérumque plateas;
Pars portentosè populorum prata profanat.

There are two lines in old Ennius, which are somewhat remarkable in him, as he is generally supposed to be very negligent in his verses.

O tite, tute tati, tibi tanta, tyranne, tulisti,
At tuba terribili sonitu taratantara dixit.

Nor has it been neglected in our own language; but has been culti-

vated with singular success by Pope, and other eminent poets. In the rhymes of the Della Cruscans it, however, degenerates to absurdity. You may have there *dewy drops* from *fearly fleepers*, and *muddy moans* in any measure.

I recollect a very happy instance in some Lines on Smoking, in the Port Folio, which conclude

And, sadly silent, seeks the sweets of sleep.

This is truly what Churchill called apt alliteration's artful aid.

In the ninth century, Hubaud, a learned monk, dedicated to the emperor Charles the Bald (Charles le Chauve), a poem in praise of bald men, every word of which commenced with the letter C.

Cármina, clarisonce calvis cantate Camenæ.

Somewhat allied to this is another art in poetry, which I must illustrate by an example, as I cannot designate it by a name.

An author has written a poem of 2956 verses of six feet, of which the last only is a spondee, the other five being dactyles. The second foot rhymes with the fourth, and the last word of each verse rhymes with that of the subsequent one. It commences thus:

Hora novissima, tempora pessima sunt
vigilemus.
Ecce minaciter imminet arbiter ille
supremus.
Imminet, imminet ut mala terminet,
æqua coronet,
Recta remuneret; anxia liberet, æthera
donet:
Auferat aspera, duraque pondera mentis
onusta,
Sobria muniat, improba puniat útraque
juste,
Ille piissimus, ille gravissimus ecce venit
Rex
Surgat nonoreus, instat homo Deus, à
patre judex.

—

"That we must never despair," is the title of one of the chapters of

a work on *the pleasures of study*, which was written, I believe, in the fifteenth century, by Ringelbergius, a German scholar. It is little known among men of letters, but its singular merits ought to rescue it from the oblivion into which it is falling. In the chapter I have mentioned, he exhorts us, though we should fall headlong a thousand times in our ascent, we must begin again every time more ardently, and fly to the summit with recruited vigour! Let no one be dejected if he be not conscious of any great advancement at first. The merchant thinks himself happy if, after a ten years' voyage, after a thousand dangers, he at last improves his fortune; and shall we, like poor-spirited creatures, give up all hopes after the first onset?—*QUODCUMQUE IMPERAVIT ANIMUS OBTINUIT**. Whatever the mind has commanded itself to do, it has obtained its purpose.

Riches must have no charms, compared to the charms of literature. Poverty is favourable to the success of all literary pursuits. I mean not to throw contempt on money in general, but on that exorbitant wealth, which allures the mind from study.

The student must be desirous of praise. It is a promising presage of success to be roused by praise, when one shall have done well, and to be grieved and incited to higher aims, on finding himself blamed or outdone by another. He who aspires at the summit must be passionately fond of glory.

Thus have the first qualities, indispensably requisite in a youth devoted to study, been mentioned. He must aim at the highest points; he must love labour; he must never despair; he must despise money;

* The sentence which follows this quotation does not express the terseness and energy of the original: but its force is fully displayed in the language of an English writer:

Speak the commanding words I WILL, and it is done.

he must be greedy of praise. It remains that we prescribe the methods. There are then three gradations in the modes of study: hearing, teaching, writing. It is a good and easy method to hear, it is better and easier to teach, and the best and easiest of all to write. Lectures are dull, because it is tedious to confine the liberty of thought to the voice of the speaker. But when we teach or write, the very exercise itself precludes the tedium.

I had intended to close the volume with this extract, but I cannot resist the temptation to make another; such is the enthusiasm of admiration, and the power of genius is so commanding.

How mean, says he, how timid, how abject must be that spirit, which can sit down contented with mediocrity! As for myself, all that is within me is on fire. I had rather, he proceeds, in his nervous manner, be torn in a thousand pieces than relax my resolution of reaching the sublimest heights of virtue and knowledge. I am of opinion, that nothing is so arduous, nothing so admirable in human affairs, which may not be attained by the industry of man. We are descended from heaven: thither let us go, whence we derive our origin. Let nothing satisfy us, lower than the summit of all excellence. The summit then I point out as the proper scope of the student. But labour must be loved, and the pleasures of luxury despised. Shall we submit to be extinguished for ever, without honour, without remembrance, *ἀνδράσας οὐδὲν ἐν μέσσοις μένοισι*, without having done any thing like men?

Such are the qualities required, such is the ambition recommended by this eloquent German, and, from my own short experience of the pleasures and pains of study, I hesitate not to give my feeble applause to his exhortation. Let the student be animated by the laurels of fame, which never fade, and spring forward, alert and vigorous, to the *Olympic prize*. Let not his industry be remitted by lassitude, or his

ambition daunted by a temporary disappointment, but let him reflect on the reputation of Shakespeare and Johnson, over whose tombs perennial honours will ever bloom with unabated lustre. Let him consider that eloquence can force the reluctant wonder of the world, and make even monarchs tremble on the throne. This is the glorious triumph of knowledge, and the brilliant reward of industry.

CENTO.

For the Literary Magazine.

IS A FREE OR DESPOTIC GOVERNMENT MOST FRIENDLY TO HUMAN HAPPINESS?

A FEW years ago, this would have been thought a most absurd, as well as impudent question. It would have been deemed an insult to the common understanding of every man born in Great Britain or America, to suppose this question susceptible of doubt or controversy. A revolution has certainly been effected in many minds, with regard to this question, within the last fifteen years. Many of those, who once considered the superiority of political freedom as a point altogether beyond dispute, and as supported, not only by intuitive, self-evident truth, but by the loud and uniform attestation of experience, have now gone over to the opposite opinion. Many have, at least, found their convictions shaken, and if they have not entirely abjured their ancient creed, begin, at least, to perceive that the truth of it is not quite as clear as they once imagined.

The cause of this silent revolution in human opinions is well known to be the horrors and disasters of the French revolution. The scenes of this revolution having taken place under our own eyes, our sympathy has been irresistibly affected. The story being familiarly known to us, in all its circumstances and details, the imagination, if I may so speak,

has been filled with this single object, and grief and detestation has excluded or supplanted every other sentiment. It is true, that similar horrors and disasters have taken place in the Greek republics, and in the ancient and modern ones of Italy; but we are little affected by what is distant, and a summary narrative takes no hold of the imagination. Athens, Rome, and Florence were the scenes of commotions and bloodshed quite as dreadful, and, in proportion to their population and territory, quite as extensive, as France has lately been. But the eulogists of civil liberty seldom allowed these parts of the picture to engage their attention. They fixed their thoughts upon individual cases of military heroism, patriotic magnanimity, or intellectual vigour, and these being, as they conceived, the genial products of civil liberty, they admitted no side views or impertinent retrospects to damp their admiration. Now, however, it is not uncommon to perceive a resemblance between the history of the old and the new republics. The fruits of ancient liberty, in genius and heroism, begin to dwindle into nothing, in our eyes, while the tales of massacre, confiscation, and exile are listened to with new deference and new emotions.

It would probably be difficult, at this time, to meet with a strenuous advocate of that kind of liberty, which is necessarily productive of, or attended with, foreign and intestine wars; and yet I was lately in company with such a one, with whose eloquence and ingenuity I was so much pleased, that I took the first opportunity of putting his declamation on paper.

Men are destined, says he, to play in human life for manifold stakes of unequal importance. The merchant plays for profit, and hazards his property. The warrior plays for victory or conquest, and hazards his life. Every one who seeks fortune, preferment, or honour, hangs in suspense between the opposite events of success or dis-

appointment. What was staked among the ancients, in their national quarrels, was of greater importance than is risked at war, by the officer or soldier, in any modern nation. When captives were retained in servitude, or sent to the market for slaves, the soldier exposed not only his life but his personal freedom. This violation of humanity was enforced by the Romans in all their wars, and by the Greeks put in practice in their contests, not only with barbarous nations, but even with one another. During the Peloponnesian war, and for many years after it, the republics of Greece were, at home, almost always distracted by furious factions, and abroad involved in sanguinary wars, in which each sought not merely superiority of dominion, but either completely to extirpate all its enemies, or what was not less cruel, to reduce them into the vilest of all states, that of domestic slavery; and to sell them, man, woman, and child, like so many head of cattle to the highest bidder in the market.

From this account of the Greeks, some are disposed to infer, they were a wretched people, but I question the truth of the inference. The *fortunes* of men do not always decide their *feelings*. Cervantes wrote his adventures of Don Quixote in a prison; and, from so vigorous an exercise of all his faculties in that situation, we have reason to conclude that a person may not be wretched though in prison. The human mind gave similar proofs of felicity no where more conspicuous than in Greece. And if human life be compared to a game, it was played among ancient nations, and the Greeks in particular, on a stake no less indeed than that of freedom as well as life. But their example should lead us to think that the spirits of men are not greatly damped by the risks which they are made to run in the service of their country. The first citizens in every Grecian state, with this prospect of contingent slavery before them, took their post with alacrity in the armies that were formed for

the defence or advancement of their country: and in no quarter of the world was the military character held in higher esteem. Those nations, at the same time, in other respects, show marks of felicity superior to what has ever been displayed in any other quarter of the world or age of mankind. In their very language, there is evidence of genius or intellectual ability, superior to that of other nations. The order and form of their expression kept pace with the order and discrimination of subjects to be expressed, with all the possible varieties of relation, and with all the subtleties of thought and sentiment beyond what is exemplified in any other known instance. They led the way also in all the forms of literary composition or discourse, under which the human genius is displayed. Their poets, historians, orators, and moralists, preceded those of other nations, and remain unequalled by those that came after them. Their sculptors, painters, and architects, excelled those of every other nation; and the same genius which rose towards every object, in which excellence or beauty could be required or exhibited, gave also the most masterly examples of civil, political, or military virtues; and, in the whole, gave the most irrefragable evidence of minds no way sunk by the sense of oppression, or the gloomy prospect of hazard impending from the loss of liberty, or the fear of slavery, to which they were exposed. The ease and alacrity with which they moved on the highest steps of the political, the moral, and intellectual scale, abundantly showed how much they enjoyed that life and freedom of which they were so worthy, and which they so freely risked in the service of their country. And if the hazard of blessings which they staked in every public contest had at all any effect on their minds, their example may serve to prove that men are not unhappy in proportion to the stake for which they contend; or, perhaps, what is verified in the case of other players

as well as in theirs, that persons who are used to a high stake cannot condescend to play for a lower; or that he who is accustomed to contend for his freedom or his life can scarcely find scope for his genius in matters of less moment.

A warden of the English marches, on a visit to the court of Scotland, before the accession of James to the throne of England, said he could not but wonder how any man could submit to so dull a life as that of a citizen or courtier: that, for his own part, no day ever past in which he did not pursue some one for his life, or in which he himself was not pursued for his own. It is the degradation of fear, the guilt of injustice or malice, to which the mind of man never can be reconciled; not the risks to which the liberal may be exposed in defending his country, or in withstanding iniquity.

We are, for the most part, ill qualified to decide what is happy or miserable in the condition of other men at a distance. The inconveniences which we see, may be compensated in a way which we do not perceive. And there is in reality nothing but vileness and malice that cannot be compensated in some other way. Even those we call slaves are amused in the performance of their task, and, when it is over, are observed to be playsome and cheerful beyond other men. They are relieved of any anxiety for the future, and devolve every care on their master.

We estimate the felicity of ages and nations by the seeming tranquillity and peace they enjoy; or believe them to be wretched under the agitations and troubles which sometimes attend the possession of liberty itself. The forms of legislature, which imply numerous assemblies, whether collective or representative, have been often censured as exposing men to all the inconveniences of faction or party division; but, if these inconveniences are to be dreaded, they nevertheless may be fairly hazarded, for the sake of the end to be obtained in free governments, the safety of the people,

and the scope which is given to all the noble faculties of the human mind.

If I mistake not the interests of human nature, they consist more in the exercise of freedom, and the indulgence of a liberal and beneficent temper, than in the possession of mere tranquillity, or what is termed exemption from trouble. The trials of ability which men mutually afford to one another in the collisions of free society, are the lessons of a school which Providence has opened for mankind, and are well known to forward instead of impeding their progress in any valuable art, whether commercial or elegant.

In their social capacity, the most important objects of attention, and the most improving exercises of ability, are enjoyed by the members of a free state: forms of government may be estimated, not only by the actual wisdom or goodness of their administration, but likewise by the numbers who are made to participate in the service or government of their country, and by the diffusion of political deliberation and function to the greatest extent that is consistent with the wisdom of its administration.

While those who would engross every power to themselves may gravely tell us, that the public good consists in having matters ordered in the manner they conceive to be right, we may venture to reply, that it consists still more in having proper numbers admitted to a share in the councils of their nation: that though the proverb, in some cases, should fail, and safety should be wanting in multitude of counsellors, yet the multitude of council is in itself a greater public advantage than the talents of any single person, however great, can otherwise procure for his country. Single men may choose a measure or conduct a service better than might be obtained in any concourse of members; but numbers do more in a succession of ages than any single man could do; and human nature is more interested in having nations formed to

the character of manhood and public virtue, than it is in any particular measure of conduct, or the most successful attainment of any particular object.

For the Literary Magazine.

PLAN FOR THE IMPROVEMENT
AND DIFFUSION OF THE ARTS,
ADAPTED TO THE UNITED
STATES.

THE scarcity of taste and of skill in the fine arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture, in the United States, is a subject of great wonder to travellers. It is a paradox of difficult, but surely not of impossible, solution, that a civilized, peaceful, free, industrious, and opulent nation, of four or five millions of persons, sprung from one of the most enlightened nations of the globe, and maintaining incessant intercourse with every part of Europe, should have so few monuments of these arts among them, either in public or private collections. There was not a single public collection of this kind in the United States till the establishment of one, a few years since, at New York; and it is well known with what slender encouragement and support the rich have honoured the New York institution.

Under such impressions the following plan is published with little ardour or confidence. But if it has no influence at present, the time may come, and, perhaps, be not very distant, when some of its regulations may be carried into execution.

It is proposed that a subscription be commenced in order to raise the sum of ———, which, when completed, application should be made to congress for further assistance; the total of which sums, under their sanction, should be consolidated into a perpetual fund, to which proper trustees may be nominated, for the declared purposes, out of the annual

interest, of commencing two galleries, and filling them, as fast as the interest accrues, with plaster casts from antique statues, bas-reliefs, fragments of architecture, fine bronzes, &c. collected not only from Italy, but from all parts of Europe.

That these galleries should be placed so as to enjoy a northern light, being parallel to each other, and consist of strong but simple forms; void, at first, of all ornament, and solely calculated for the purpose of containing, in a good point of view, and well lighted, the several specimens of art. A convenient space for visitors to pass in view of them below and between the objects and the artists, who should be possessed of a raised stage, under a continued window, contrived so as to illuminate at once their drawing-desk and the images on the opposite wall.

These galleries, one for statues and architectural models, and one for bas-reliefs, should be commenced at the same time in parallel directions, and each annually extended and furnished with casts, in the proportion that the funds would admit. They should be indiscriminately opened to all students in the arts, and the public, under proper regulations, during the greatest part of the day, throughout the year.

All fine bas-reliefs, &c. should, if possible, be obtained in moulds, with a cast in them, by which means they not only come the safest from injury, but it would enable the managers to place in the gallery two or three casts of such as best deserved imitation; and then the moulds might be sold to our moulders in plaster of Paris, by which means other cities would be enriched with many fine objects at a reasonable expence, to the great advantage of architects, schools, and the public in general.

There are not wanting people who think that such objects, by being cheaply multiplied, would injure the progress of our artists: but experience teaches otherwise; for those nations which most abound in

such things most abound in artists ; and the more any thing is multiplied by casts or impressions, the more is the original esteemed ; for while the narrow-minded amateur hides his fine Cameo, lest a sulphur should be obtained from it, both he and his ring are forgot ; when, on the other hand, the liberal collector, whose chief pleasure it is to gratify all lovers with a copy of the fine originals he possesses, finds, to his surprise, the fame of his antique, and the credit of its owner, increased in the same proportion ; and hence we may rest assured, that the multiplication of works of art always ends in a multiplied demand for the labours of artists.

The cheapness of paste has by no means decreased the esteem of diamonds ; and man, happily for the multitude, has always considered richness and rareness of materials as no small addition to the merit of workmanship ; even pictures have been painted, by good artists, on silver to enhance their value. And here I cannot avoid observing the utility it would be of to sculpture if artists would, as was done by the ablest of both Greece and Rome, make models for builders, in clay, at reasonable prices ; for there are many who cannot afford marble, that would gladly encourage them in this effort in monuments, friezes, &c. The frequency of which in public would probably encrease the ambition of the wealthy to be represented in more expensive materials, and thence afford the artists more numerous opportunities of displaying their talents.

As each specimen must of necessity be placed at some distance from the ground, the space below should be filled with a concise history of the cast, or with the conjectures of antiquarians as to its original and author, to which should be added, the time and place, when and where it was found, and the name of the country and situation the original at present ornaments.

The pedestal of each statue might contain the like inscriptions, in

painted letters, the more easily to correct them on any new information.

How useful such inscriptions would be to travellers, antiquarians, and artists, I need not point out ; neither need I add the utility that would arise from marking with a line on each object the division of the restored parts ; which lines might be made, by whatever artist was employed to send home the moulds, on the spot : for the baneful effects of partial ignorance, which, like a weed, springs up among the best crops of human learning, are seldom more manifest than among those whose labours are directed to the elucidation of fine art in antique monuments.

Such galleries, when finished, would possess advantages that are wanting in foreign museums ; where often, to gratify the love of ornament in the architect, fine bas-reliefs are placed so high, as to be of little use to students, and as traps only to the antiquarian ; of which, having with younger limbs, and younger eyes, often followed the enthusiastic Winkelman, I could give many instances.

Here, however, all would be brought to a level, and to light ; all the restorations carefully distinguished ; and such men of learning, as, without great detriment to their affairs, can never go abroad, would hence find daily opportunities of benefiting and crediting their country, as well as themselves, by their erudite remarks on monuments that relate entirely to classic ground.

In a word, well prepared, both by the knowledge and study of these casts, our yet unborn artists would be less confused on their arrival in Europe among the originals ; and a much shorter stay would then suffice : lastly, on their return, these galleries would help to perpetuate in their memories the result of their studies ; a fund of employment would be afforded to young artists in copying these antiques for foreigners, as well as natives ; and our engravers, either native or im-

ported, would here always find objects from whence great works might be executed, equally interesting and much more correct, as well as less expensive, than any that have hitherto appeared in elucidation of antiquities.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE VISITOR.

NO. III.

Nescio qua natale solum dulcissime
cunctos

Ducit.

OVID.

MOST men entertain a great partiality for the land of their nativity. This nature itself dictates; for that country, where we "first drew the vital air," by whose laws we were protected, and under whose government we lived, should always be viewed with respect and love. The conduct of its rulers, it is true, may sometimes appear imprudent, and therefore excite our regret; sometimes tyrannical and base, and therefore raise indignation in our bosoms; and sometimes we may suppose it derogatory to the best interests of the country, and dread the evil consequences which may result from it. But these things ought not to alienate our affections. What some may think wrong, others will contend is right; and if, at last, the former is verified in the issue, the greatest allowances are to be made for human fallibility.

Every good and sensible man will be induced to make these allowances, from a love for his country, and a desire to maintain its good name. He will always throw off party prejudice, so as to judge with candour, and to pardon errors. He that does not, though he may be a well-meaning man, cannot be a man of understanding: for though an ignorant one, with the best inten-

tions, may be led astray by the art and hypocrisy of the interested, one of sense never can, as observation convinces him, that those who are continually finding fault generally possess the least regard for the laws, the least respect for every institution of their country, and the least natural affection for it.

That there are men of this description is unfortunately unquestionable. Their number, however, it is to be hoped, is few, and those few should be treated with contempt and abhorrence. Though the government under which they were born might not be congenial to their nature, nor calculated to make them happy, and they, of course, had left it for another, it does not follow that all predilection for it should be banished from the mind, or that they should rejoice to see it rendered contemptible.

The man of feeling, though separated for ever from his native land, looks back upon it with reverence and partiality, and he inclines to think it happier, at least in some respects, than any other.

But where to find the happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own,
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease;
The naked Negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam;
His first, best country ever is at home.

If the justice of these remarks is acknowledged, as they respect other countries, with how much more propriety will they apply to our own! How much greater should our regard for it be, how much

greater our ardour in promoting whatever is conducive to its welfare, our enthusiasm in resenting every insult to its honour, and every attempt to encroach upon its rights! We look upon our government as the best in existence, and think ourselves, in every respect, equal to any other nation. Our people, for enterprise and perseverance, are exceeded by none, neither are they inferior in point of genius and courage. This last qualification none will now doubt. Few instances have yet occurred to prove it, but these few are convincing. The heroes of the Mediterranean have advanced the reputation of their country, and deserve its gratitude. Their conduct, serving as a pattern for those who shall succeed them, will animate them to use the greatest exertions, and, on every opportunity, they will discover the native energy of Americans. As our revolution brought into notice many great men, whose characters were not before known, so did the shores of Tripoli, and so will every time of difficulty and danger.

In the infancy of a country, the great actions of its natives excite a greater degree of enthusiasm, than after she has attained an established character for bravery. Hence the extraordinary exploit of Decatur and his associates resounded with every acclamation and praise which language could dictate. Though in any age or country it would have been considered as an action in which the courage and prudence of those who conducted it were conspicuous, yet, in Americans, it is particularly entitled to praise. It is the first time they conducted a war in a foreign country, and the first time, since the revolution, that they had an opportunity of signaling themselves in so great an undertaking. They could hardly be expected to possess the same confidence as those who had been concerned in former engagements, for to them the business of war was new. But advancing, with that courage and resolution which, I

hope, will ever be the characteristics of the people of this happy land, they succeeded in their bold and hazardous attempt. The honours bestowed by government, and the praises of their countrymen are their just reward, and to their names immortality will be attached. In them may be seen what are Americans, what their courage, what their enterprise. And, without the spirit of prophesy, or the voice of inspiration, we may venture to predict, that the time is not far distant when America shall be respected as one of the most powerful of nations, and when her flag shall sail on the ocean, without any daring to insult it.

While dwelling on this part of my subject, I have gone beyond my intended length, for to me it is very interesting. Regarding my country with the strongest attachments, I cannot see any one view it with contempt, or attempt to form humiliating comparisons between it and others, without looking upon him as a most despicable being. How can any one, living under this government, be insensible of his happy situation, and unconscious of the many blessings which surround him! It is a land where "the man who has an honest heart has a charm too potent for tyranny to humble*;" and though the man of intrigue may obtain conspicuous stations, the man alone, whose guides are justice, honour, and benevolence, and who obeys the dictates of his conscience, commands the esteem of the virtuous, and the respect of all parties.

F.

For the Literary Magazine.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

STATE OF FRANCE UNDER LOUIS THE FIFTEENTH.

THE history of Louis XV is the history of despotism, superstition,

* Moreton's Speed the Plough.

impiety, and vice. From that prince's majority to the death of cardinal Fleury, every kind of vice was countenanced by the example of the nobility; the most unnatural crimes were perpetrated without shame, and almost without concealment. The conduct of the princes of the royal family was most detestably licentious, mixed with a degree of brutality and cruelty which disgraces humanity. The count of Charolois murdered one of his valets in 1725, to carry on, without interruption, an intrigue with the widow of this unhappy man; and he shot several persons, merely from diversion. In conjunction with the prince of Condé, he was guilty of a piece of cruelty toward madame de St. Sulpice, of which decency forbids our giving the particulars. Crimes of a similar kind are alleged against the prince of Conti, of which even the meanest wretch that ever was hanged at Tyburn would blush to be accused.

The character of Louis XV was the most despicable that could be imagined: from his education he had imbibed all the silly terrors of superstition, without one sentiment of religion. He remained for some time faithful to his queen, not from affection, nor from a sense of duty, but merely from his fear of the cardinal in this world, and of the devil in the next. The queen was a most fanatical devotee, the blind instrument of artful priests, and had neither personal charms, nor mental accomplishments, to attract his affections. The intrigues of the courtiers, countenanced by the hypocritical Fleury, to provide a mistress for the king, and the arts by which they at length overcame the timidity of this overgrown boy, for he was nothing else during his whole life, cannot but excite our indignation. The amours of Louis with madame de Mailly, and with her two sisters, madame de Vintimille and the duchess of Chateauroux, are well known: even the princes and princesses of the blood submitted to be the vile panders to

the lust of the monarch, and countenanced, by their infamous servility, a conduct on which even the poorest woman, who had the least regard for the esteem of her fellow-creatures, would look down with contempt and aversion; nay, from which all, except the professedly abandoned, who can practise the arts of seduction for the gratification of others, would turn with disdain.

GENOESE PATRIOTISM.

No part of history is so pleasing as that which exhibits emancipation from oppression! for nothing can afford greater satisfaction than to see a brave people resolving to be free, shaking off the yoke of unworthy servitude, and punishing their audacious tyrants. The revolution in Genoa, after it had been conquered by the Austrians, is an event of this kind. Botta, the general of the empress queen's forces, had, by his insolent menaces, so terrified the senate and nobles, that these contemptible grandees resolved to resign the republic into his hands, and to throw themselves on his mercy. Adorno alone, who commanded in Savonna, behaved with proper spirit: he declared that he was determined to defend this place to the last, and that he had made a will, by which he had destined all his fortune to the relief of the widows and children of those of his countrymen who might be slain during the siege. To the messengers sent by the senate to command him to resign the town to the Austrians, he answered, "That he had been entrusted with the defence of it by a free republic, and would not obey the orders of an enslaved republic to resign it." Accordingly he sustained a siege and blockade of three months, and did not capitulate till reduced to the last extremity. The rapacity of the Austrians was insatiable, and they added the most intolerable cruelty to their excessive extortions.

There were, however, in Genoa forty thousand men who were neither nobles nor senators, but whose conduct deserved a more honourable title than any which kings and senates can exclusively bestow.—The Austrians were about to carry off the cannon, in order to employ them against the allies of the republic, which excited the utmost indignation. During this operation an officer happened to strike a Genoese who did not obey his orders with sufficient alacrity; the Genoese instantly stabbed him to the heart: this was the signal for a general insurrection; the people attacked the Austrians with stones, which were the only weapons which they then had; but they soon procured other arms, notwithstanding the attempt of the doge and senate to prevent them. Botta was mad with rage; "Shall the Austrians," he cried, "who drove the French out of Italy, tremble before a Genoese mob?" Yet this Genoese mob, under the command of Doria, defeated them repeatedly, slew several thousands of them, made four thousand of them prisoners, and at length drove them entirely out of the city. This brave people did not long retain their liberty; the perfidious Louis, who had reaped such advantages from their spirited conduct, and who could not but approve of it when directed against the Austrians, was mean enough to assist the senate and nobles in re-establishing their aristocratical government.

CHARLES STUART.

The treatment which the pretender received from the French court is one proof, among many, of the little dependence that can be placed on the friendship of despotic princes; and that their kind offices, as well as their enmities, are the result of a mean selfishness, and vary with their political views. During the negotiations at Aix la Chapelle, this unfortunate man was not only meanly

deserted, but was driven out of France, in an ignominious manner, by the very monarch who, a few years before, had professed the utmost friendship for him, and endeavoured to place him on the British throne. To the duke of Gesvres, who delivered to him a letter from Louis, announcing the order to leave the kingdom, the young pretender said that he would sooner die than obey. A letter from his father, persuading him to retire, was equally without effect; and he threatened, if force were used, to put an immediate end to his own life. Shortly after he was taken by surprise at the opera: a serjeant of the guards came softly behind him, seized him by the arms, and threw him down; others kept him in this posture while his pockets were searched, in which two pistols were found loaded, primed, and cocked. He was then bound like a felon, only that, in regard to his rank, the cord was of silk, hurried into a coach, and carried to the prison of Vincennes. His attendants and servants were lodged in the Bastille. On searching his house a considerable number of muskets and pistols were found, together with a small barrel of gunpowder. In prison he was constantly watched by a guard. This treatment broke his spirit; he wrote a submissive letter to Louis, and was released, on giving his word that he would immediately leave France, and never come into it again. He then took refuge in the canton of Fribourg; on which the British minister wrote, in a very haughty style, to the magistrates of that state, complaining, "that it afforded an asylum to an odious race, proscribed by the laws of Great Britain." This was answered by L'Avoyer with proper spirit. "This odious race," said he, "is not proscribed by our republic: your letter is highly improper; you forget that you are writing to a sovereign state; and I do not conceive myself obliged to give you any further answer." The pretender, however, soon set off for Italy.

ON THE PROGRESS OF NAUTICAL SCIENCE.

There have been in Europe two great nautical schools, the Mediterranean and the Baltic. In the first, a *calm* sea, the art of ship building was a continual improvement of the *oar-raft*, a coasting navigation, the practice of the mariners; and the port-customs, and the maritime terms and laws, all wear marks of this original character. In the second, a stormy sea, the art of ship-building was a gradual evolution of the sail-raft; an open navigation, from the earliest times, was preferred; and the usages, phraseology, the code of regulations, are all tinged by a corresponding spirit. The common and statute law of sea matters handed down by tradition, and by the Rhodian code from the ancients, was gradually modified into that system of regulations known by the name of "*Il Consolato del Mare*," which received the papal sanction in 1075, was re-enacted in most of the sea ports of the Mediterranean, but not till 1162 at Marseilles, and was first printed at Barcelona in 1502. This work has been translated into most European languages, our own excepted. The Dutch version of 1704 is the best.

The rules and orders taught by circumstances and experience to the Baltic sailors were first reduced into written laws at Wisby, one of the Hanse towns, and were printed in 1505 at Copenhagen, in the Frankish tongue. The first English translation appeared in 1536.

The Arabians were the first to apply mathematical science to the improvement of navigation. The earliest books on the subject appeared at Seville and Lisbon. The first English hints on this head are found in W. Cunningham's *Cosmographical Glass*, 1559, where he recommends the use of the quadrant. In 1581 was published "*The New Attractive*," by Norman; a book which forms an æra in the science. It is a treatise on the variation of

VOL. III. NO. XVIII.

the needle. The compass is generally thought to have been first used by the Chinese, and brought from the Indian seas, through Egypt, to Italy; but when we consider the vast difference in the mode of constructing this instrument, there is reason to believe that it is equally an original invention both in China and Europe. The variation is a European observation.

Davis' *Seaman's Secrets*, 1594, is a book which does honour to the author. His memory is properly preserved by the denomination of the straits which he discovered: but Edward Wright, who improved our sea charts at that period, the patrons of the society for making discoveries, founded in 1561, and many others, merit also to have their names preserved, by associating them with some of those natural monuments which our voyagers are often at a loss to baptize. Much of our national prosperity, and much of the civilization of the globe, are to be ascribed to those who first naturalized maritime pursuits among us.

After the year 1600 all the branches of nautics came to be generally studied; nor are the English writers on the subject at all inferior to those of the rival nations, till about the year 1750, when Euler's work appeared, which seems to have drawn the attention of the French mathematicians to the theory of ship-building; and, seconded by the countenance of the court, to have occasioned a remarkable advancement of naval science in France. The French, however, have made much greater progress in the theory than in the practice of the nautical arts. In this respect the English, and under this denomination the people of the United States may properly enough be included, have far exceeded all other nations. To sail fast, to carry much, to make way near, and, if I may say so, against the wind, to turn and shift postures and directions quickly, easily, and safely, are the constituents of a perfect ship. We cannot sup-

pose that, in all these points, we have as yet, by any means, attained the ultimatum, but, on the contrary, it is highly probable that the ship of future times will as far exceed the finest French frigate now sailing as such a frigate does a Mohawk canoe.

For the Literary Magazine.

LITERARY BLUNDERS.

GEOGRAPHICAL errors are more common in books than any other kind of errors. This is not surprising, when we reflect on the infinite variety and number of particulars of which geography consists. On this account, a writer may be reasonably excused if, on some occasions, he should place an inland town on the sea-side, or remove a country a few hundred miles further from some other country than nature has done. But these errors will be entitled to less excuse, when we reflect on the extreme facility with which every *man of books* may make himself acquainted with most points of geographical knowledge, whenever he has occasion for this knowledge. Maps are generally at hand, or easily procured, and when we are not certain, it becomes us to take the trouble to enquire, especially as that trouble is, in most cases, extremely small.

These errors are frequently met with when least expected. An eminent French physician, chief of the medical department in the army of St. Domingo, in a treatise on the yellow-fever, alludes to the history of that disease at Philadelphia, in 1793, which, he says, originated in the effluvia of some coffee thrown carelessly, and suffered to putrify *sur la rivage de la mer*: on the sea shore.

Racine, in his tragedy of Mithradates, has the following passage:

Doutez vous que l'Euxin ne me porte en
deux jours

Aux lieux où le Danube y voit finit son
cours.

Strange that the poet should not have looked at a map before he ventured to describe the Euxine as a river leading into the Danube.

Boileau displayed as little knowledge of astronomy, when he described a philosopher making use of an astrolabe, in order to determine whether the sun revolves on its axis.

Of all errors the most unaccountable is that of the celebrated Salmasius, who, in a work printed at Leyden, represented our Saviour as born at Jerusalem.

A translation of Cæsar's Commentaries, by Louis XIV, was published in 1751, on which account this monarch is ranked among the learned. The justice of his claim may be determined by his asking cardinal Fleury, after hearing the word *quemadmodum* repeated several times in a motet which was performed before him, who this *prince Quemadmodum* was?

For the Literary Magazine.

THOUGHTS ON THE FORMER AND PRESENT STATE OF HOLLAND.

CIVIL liberty, as distinguished from political, is the grand purpose for which civil society was formed, and government instituted. With respect to this, the Dutch had advantages, before their revolution, which left them no room for complaint; and however imperfect their political constitution might be deemed, they actually enjoyed more freedom than the inhabitants of most other countries.

The spirit of moderation is truly admirable with which the government of the Dutch republic was generally administered, and the respect which it commonly paid to the privileges of the people. Some of these are such as even Americans might envy: for the house of a Dutch burger may with much more propriety be termed his castle, than that of a subject of our laws can be. No sheriff's officer, no exciseman,

nor even any inferior officer of justice can pass his threshold without his permission; nor can he, on any account, be taken out of his habitation, except by the judges themselves, who, for this purpose, must accompany the constables.

The equity of the courts of judicature was unvaried, and the security of private property inviolable. The taxes were heavy: but this must be ascribed to the nature of the country, the preservation of which from inundation required a very great expence; and these taxes were imposed, not by an arbitrary monarch, who demands them to supply the splendid luxury of his court, or who employs them in supporting numerous armies, in order to extend his tyrannic sway; not by a rapacious minister, who plunders the people, in order to fill his own coffers, to enrich his friends, or to execute his plans of personal revenge; but by the representatives of the nation, for such were the deputies of the states: these must consent to the tax in the name of their fellow-citizens, and, when they have done this, must bear their own share of the load which they have imposed on the public.

In general, taxation in the United Provinces was conducted with great wisdom. In no country did the inhabitants pay greater sums to government, but, from the manner in which they were collected, the burden was scarcely perceived; and great care was taken, especially in extraordinary impositions, to spare the lower class of citizens as much as possible. Even from the heavy tax of two per cent. on all property, whether real or personal, exacted to carry on the present war, all those are exempted, who can swear that they do not possess two thousand five hundred florins (a thousand dollars), exclusively of household furniture, linen, and clothes.

How far this desirable state of things is changed, since the country was subdued by the French, it is difficult for us, at this distance, to

tell. Conquest is a very indefinite term, and implies things that have no relation to each other, as it takes place in different circumstances, among different nations, and under different leaders.

We have no reason to believe that the French interfere in the civil administration of the provinces.— Their power is chiefly exerted to procure money; but this is demanded and obtained in the lump, and the sums are levied on the people, in a way and by officers appointed by the native authorities, as formerly.

As to political liberty, if we confine that term to those who expressly chuse their governors by periodical elections, the Dutch never at any time possessed it. If we make the criterion of political liberty the inclination or acquiescence of the people, the general conviction as to the validity and sacredness of the title of those who actually govern, the Dutch possessed as much of it, and no more, than the Russians, Austrians, and Spaniards.— All government is founded on opinion, and the subjects of the most despotic prince in Europe are not less politically free, are not less completely governed with their own consent, than any of the democratic cantons which once existed in Switzerland.

According to the vulgar notions of political liberty, as resulting from the government of great numbers, periodically and expressly chosen by a majority of those who have the male sex, mature age, and some property, the Batavians are freer than they ever were. How far their civil liberty has been affected by the recent revolutions, it would be well worth while to enquire. That they labour under heavy inconveniences and privations is certain; but the greater part, if not the whole, of these are to be ascribed to the war, and will therefore cease when the war ceases, however their political independence may be influenced by that event.

VIATOR.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE AMERICAN CONSTITUTION.

IT is somewhat suprising that the merits of the government of the United States of America have not been more accurately discussed by European writers. It was this republic which exhibited the first instance, in the present century, of what could be effected by a people who were resolved to be free ; and who, by their success, encouraged others to attempt to shake off the yoke by which they felt themselves oppressed : but they enjoyed advantages of which the nations of Europe were destitute. They had long been accustomed to live under a popular government, and had been educated amid the enjoyment of freedom, both civil and political ; to them, therefore, liberty was not a stranger, known only by distant report, with whose features they were not sufficiently acquainted to distinguish her from the impostor licentiousness, that so often assumes her name, and counterfeits her pretensions. Their manners were not corrupted by the contagious example of those licentious courts, which consider religion only as a political machine to keep the people in subjection, and force on them an uniform profession of faith, while government itself may violate every obligation of morality. The jealousy and ambition of princes, instead of operating against us, was, by a concurrence of circumstances, directed against the power with which we were at variance, and at length openly favoured our efforts. Under these advantages, we not only succeeded in vindicating our independence, but obtained leisure to exert our abilities in planning a form of government, which, if not perfect, seems at least well calculated to promote the happiness of a people, whose love of liberty is attempered with that of order and decency, and accompanied with the virtues of inte-

grity, moderation, and sobriety. Fortunately separated by the ocean from the present horrid scenes of war, we are undisturbed in the enjoyment of the advantages so dearly purchased. Our fields are not exposed to the irruptions of an irritated and licentious multitude ; nor are we liable to see our country impoverished, and its inhabitants sacrificed, by being forced into a concurrence with the wild schemes of selfish ambition and the lust of power.

The constitution of the American states deserves the greater attention, as it is the first that, since the improvements in the circumstances of society, which so honourably distinguish modern times, was founded on the free deliberation of men, who understood the nature of liberty, and were zealous in her cause ; who, while they despised the political and ecclesiastical prejudices, which are fostered in the countries of Europe, knew the necessity of obedience to laws, and of a regard for religion and virtue, both in principle and practice ; and who were not fettered by that intimate political connection with foreign princes, which is always dangerous to the independence of republics. An attentive view of the history of the American revolution, will point out the causes why that of France has not been attended with more salutary consequences.

The chief faults in the old confederation had their source in that jealousy of power, which generally prevails among a people who have shaken off what they conceived to be an oppressive yoke, and have successfully asserted their liberties. Having long been accustomed to see authority and oppression united, they find it difficult to distinguish two ideas which they have acquired a habit of associating. They confess the necessity of laws to restrain licentiousness, as well as to regulate the proceedings of government : but they are apt to look with aversion on those who are appointed to execute them, as men who

wish to elevate themselves above the level of their fellow-citizens, and to acquire a power independent of them. They forget that, in a republic, the magistrate, of whom they are thus suspicious, holds his power only for a short period; that when this is expired, he must retire to the station of a private citizen; and, if he has laid any burthen on the community, must afterward bear his portion of it. It must however be acknowledged, that some degree of this jealousy is not more natural to republicans, than it is necessary to prevent their government from degenerating into an aristocracy: but when it is carried so far as to deprive the executive power of that vigour which is requisite to enforce the laws, and to maintain the constitution, it is pregnant with ruin to those liberties which it professes to guard.

The grand vice of the American union was that which has generally attended federate governments, the want of sufficient sanction to its laws, or of power to compel the several members of it to comply with the conditions under which they were united. This was the fault of the feudal monarchies, which were only private bodies, in which the king, or liege lord, was little more than the chief in a confederacy of petty sovereigns, each of whom had a supreme authority within his own territory; hence they were frequently engaged in wars, not only with each other, but also with their king, who had no other means of reducing them to obedience, than the precarious expedients of violence, in which it was impossible always to command success: hence the kingdoms of Europe were at that time continually involved in intestine war. The same vice prevailed the Amphyctionic and Achæan leagues of ancient Greece, and is found in the Germanic body; which would long since have been dissolved, but for the vast influence which the house of Austria derives from its hereditary territories. The Helvetic league, though often mentioned as

an instance of the permanence of federal states, is equally faulty. The cantons had no common treasury, no common army, even in time of war, no common court of justice, nor any one property of federal government: they were kept together by the particular circumstances of their situation; by the consciousness which each has of its weakness as an individual state; by the dread of powerful neighbours, to one of whom they were once enslaved; and by other considerations of a similar nature.

Whatever efficacy this league may have had in common cases, it has always been found impotent in differences of great importance. Disputes concerning religion have three times occasioned the most violent and bloody quarrels, and have, in fact, dissolved their union; for the Romish cantons have since held their separate assemblies, and very little business is transacted in the general diet. The history of the United Provinces affords strong proofs, that a sovereignty over sovereignties, a legislation to states, which does not extend to the individuals of each state, is not only a political absurdity, but is inconsistent with order and the objects of civil government, by its tendency to substitute violence for law, and the compulsion of the sword for the coercion of the magistrate. The extreme facility with which both of these states have been lately overrun and subdued by their Gallic neighbours sufficiently proves, that their safety from foreign invasion and intestine war was built on foundations equally precarious.

It was another fault, that the constitution of each state was not guaranteed by the rest; by which I do not mean that congress should interfere with the domestic concerns of the states, nor that it should prevent them from effecting, in a peaceable and lawful manner, such alterations in their respective constitutions as the majority of citizens in each may deem necessary, but only that it should guard against

such changes as may be produced by violence. The contribution of men and money to the union, by *quotas* assigned for each state; the want of a general and uniform power for regulating commerce, and of a national court of justice; the equality of the smaller with the larger states, with regard to the votes in congress; the power of each to issue paper currency; the too frequent change in the members of congress; and the whole power of legislation for the union being vested in a single assembly, were the principal imperfections in the old constitution of the states. The bad consequences of these are shown by what has since happened, both with regard to internal differences between the several states, and the want of the confidence of foreign powers in a confederation, for the continuance of which there was so little security.

And yet, when we consider the circumstances of the old confederation, instead of wondering that it has these faults, we are only astonished that it has so few. The articles were drawn up, not in the cool hours of peace and security, when their authors had leisure to examine all the possible consequences of each, and could protract the conclusion till every difficulty could be removed; but they were planned amid the horrors of war, when immediate exertions were necessary against a common enemy; and when it was infinitely more prudent to produce, with all expedition, a plan of union, however imperfect, which might effect an immediate combination of the several states, than to consume their time in vain deliberations in search of a perfection, of which their actual situation rendered them incapable. It was probably never intended for a lasting, and certainly not for an unalterable, constitution; but the American legislators acted judiciously in not producing a second before the inconveniences of the first had been fully experienced. These inconveniences were felt, and induced the Americans, in the year 1787, to form a

new constitution, in which most of the imperfections of the former were avoided; and which, though not entirely perfect (for what can be so that is of human invention?) is certainly the best republican government hitherto known.

Posterity will do justice to the wisdom and honesty of the governors of the United States of America, who did not make the acknowledged imperfection of all human institutions a pretence for persisting in errors, and for perpetuating abuses, but were ready to prevent the wishes of their countrymen, by such a voluntary reformation of their constitution, as, without departing from its spirit, might best secure its permanence, and promote the great ends of government; which was ordained by Providence, not to gratify the ambition of princes, the pride of nobles, and the vanity of ministers, but to promote the wealth, the peace, and the happiness of the whole.

For the Literary Magazine.

LITERARY FASHION.

THE caprices and revolutions in literary taste form a subject of curious speculation. How many works and how many authors owe their popularity to fashion! The popularity of truly meritorious works is entirely owing to fashion, for some time, at least, after their publication. Perhaps the endurance of this popularity may be admitted as the test of merit. That popular approbation is governed almost wholly by caprice or fashion is a truth well known to booksellers. The following anecdote will show how little we are able before hand to distinguish the public pulse with accuracy:

The celebrated La Bruyere used to frequent the shop of a bookseller, named Michallet, where he amused himself with reading the new pamphlets, and playing with the book-

seller's daughter, an engaging child, of whom he was very fond. One day taking the manuscript of his *Characters* out of his pocket, he offered it to Michallet, saying, "Will you print this? I know not whether you will gain any thing by it; but, should it succeed, let the profits make the dowry of my little friend here." The bookseller, though doubtful with respect to the result, ventured on the publication; the first impression was soon sold off; several editions were afterwards printed, and the profits of the work amounted to a very large sum; and, with this fortune, Miss Michallet was afterwards very advantageously married.

For the Literary Magazine.

PICTURE OF DUBLIN.

HOW far will a native of Ireland, and especially of Dublin, assent to the truth of the following picture, drawn up by a traveller, who, so far from carrying into Ireland any prejudices against that country, was strongly prepossessed in its favour? This kind of prepossession is indeed as unfavourable to truth as the opposite. Envy and ill-humour may not pourtray an object in worse colours than disappointment. But be that as it will, it may not be unamusing or uninteresting to listen to the remarks of at least a lively describer.

The first thing, says he, that struck me, upon entering Dublin, was the singular appearance of the women, who are all without either hat or bonnet to their head. Even many of genteel appearance parade the streets in this manner, and we as rarely see a woman in Dublin with a hat on, as one elsewhere with her head uncovered.

It is impossible to do justice to the exquisite filthiness of the hotels. Every thing is fine and dirty. Our beds had canopies and plumes, with counterpanes and sheets of a most

sable hue. This appearance is not confined to hotels alone. The taverns are the same. The streets are filled with wretchedness and grandeur, idleness and extravagance. It is not the habit of a few; it is the characteristic of the nation: a popular concern to unite at once every species of dissipation, filthiness, and extortion.

The streets and avenues to this city are crowded with miserable objects, whose importunate clamours for charity are troublesome in the highest degree. In the environs, we saw numbers of dirty wretches, whose sole employment seemed to consist in divesting each other of filth and filthy insects. If you enter a fruit-shop or a tavern, a crowd of those poor creatures infest the door, through which you must press your way, and deem yourself fortunate if you escape the detached parties of vermin.

Beggars and prostitutes swarm in every street, and fill the air with their importunate cries. Extravagance is the leading trait in their character. I frequently saw children with broad laced frills to their shirts, who had neither shoes nor stockings to their feet. An instance of this may be seen at Drury's billiard-table every day, where there are two markers of this description. They will pawn their last rag for the pleasure of gaming; and I myself saw a fellow, opposite the custom-house, in Essex-street, who had seated himself upon the ground, and, having ventured every penny he had at chuck-farthing, was howling for the loss of it.

They are, in general, of a very irritable disposition, and will quarrel with each other upon the most trifling occasion. On the night of the prince of Wales's birth-day, I was walking in Dame-street, when a fellow, genteelly dressed, met a boy, who was running about with his companions. Without saying a word, he raised a loaded whip, and knocked the boy down. A mob gathered; the fellow made off, and the poor boy was carried, with a

broken head, to the apothecary's. About three o'clock in the afternoon of the next day, I saw a vast crowd gathering, and, inquiring the cause, was told that some person had just killed a porter, whom they were conveying to the dispensary, and that his murderer was to go to Newgate. In the evening, a boy was flogged, *for some crime or other*, almost to death, at the cart's tail; and finding that he could not bear all his punishment, they removed him to prison, to take the rest at another opportunity.

Not a night passes without riot, although the police stand armed at the corner of every street. Duels, without end, continually furnish subject for conversation, and not unfrequently topics of fresh dispute. Of all the people I ever met, whether educated in the army, the navy, in the universities, or at home, the Irish are the greatest swearers.—Not a word passes without an oath, vociferated in the most vehement manner, and horrid imprecations are familiarly delivered, upon the most trivial events.

But no more of this hideous portrait. Some other travellers have, doubtless, seen things in a very different light; but I, who scarcely ever travelled further than the corner of the street in which I was born, cannot decide between the fidelity of the rival portraits. I have a good deal of Irish blood in my veins, and should be very glad to see the *solum natale* of my ancestors vindicated from such dreadful imputations. Perhaps some one of your readers may be of Irish blood and conversation, and withal possessed of the requisite information, and will condescend to put pen to paper, in defence of his calumniated country.

INQUISITOR.

For the Literary Magazine.

ORIGIN OF QUAKERISM.

AMONG the whimsical ideas which have found harbour in the

minds of the learned and ingenious, not the least remarkable, I think, is the hypothesis of a celebrated *Welsh* antiquarian, that the society of quakers is only a continuation of the old bardic institution or religion. In analyzing the principles of the ancient druidical religion, he is struck by the surprising coincidence between them and those of the amiable society of quakers.

It is observable, says he, that this sect originally appeared under the name of seekers, and very generally, if not first, in South Wales. It is known that George Fox arranged his system, after availing himself of the experience and labours of William Erbury and Walter Craddock, natives of that part of Wales where the bardic institution is preserved. The *Welsh* quakers still hold their meetings in the open air, mostly in a circular inclosure called *Monwent*.

The more this matter is considered, the more probable it will appear, that the masterly policy, with which the quaker sect is internally organized and governed, was not the contrivance of so extravagant a fanatic as George Fox; nor the systematic tendency of its principles to reduce all revealed religion to allegory, a likely speculation of his ignorant and turbulent followers.

The revolutions of opinion, and the causes that produced them, constitute an inexhaustible source of curiosity and wonder. No sect was ever more despised, and few have ever been more unrelentingly persecuted, than the *friends*, for a century after the period commonly assigned for its origin; yet, of late years, its reputation has been gradually emerging from the abyss of contempt and obscurity. It began to attract the regard of two classes of men, to whose respectful attention it should seem to be less entitled than to that of any other order in society. The first class is composed of those who are either lukewarm or hostile, with regard to all religion. The quaker system being so totally exempt from those forms

and ceremonials, and especially that hierarchy or clerical establishment, which are intimately blended with all other forms of christianity, and which they stigmatize as either absurd or pernicious, they feel themselves disposed to think favourably of this system. They revere it, not because it is the true form of the religion of Jesus, but because it possesses, in their opinion, least of that, or of any religion. Its tenets approach nearest to those of their philosophy.

The second class of its admirers are those who preach up philanthropic and political equality.—Those who deem the simple or popular form of government the best, fancy that they see in the policy of the quakers the purest and most perfect model of this government. It is very remarkable, indeed, that in the internal order of this society, in its legislative and judicial system, we see the most extravagant *political* reveries of Godwin and his followers realized. The division of the whole society into bodies sufficiently small to allow all legislative functions to be performed by the whole community assembled, without distinctions of rank, property, or even of *sex*; the deliberations of their public bodies, without any of those forms deemed indispensable by all other senates; decision in these assemblies accomplished *without vote*, or appeal to a majority; judicial powers united with the legislative, exercised without precise statutes, and executed without corporal punishment of any kind, are all characteristic of quaker as well as of Godwinian policy.

Some may observe, that the most extraordinary of these institutions imply the prevalence of civil laws and civil authority. The truth is, however, that the quaker system is intended for every condition of society, and would be the sole rule and order in a community consisting entirely of *friends*, as of one which composed a subordinate division of a larger community.

VOL. III. NO. XVIII.

This conformity between this sect and the speculative politicians of the present age is the chief cause of the popularity of the former with the latter. It is true, they build upon a very different foundation; and not only different, but irreconcilable: but while inferences are the same, the diversity of premises is overlooked or disregarded. Thus the learned antiquary I have quoted above is so struck with the coincidence between the quaker and druidical systems and tenets, that he cannot help supposing the former to have originated from the latter.

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For the Literary Magazine.

A LITERARY WIFE.

NOTHING is so terrible, to most men, as a literary wife. Indeed, nothing is so rare. Whatever a woman is, as to literature, science, or the arts, before marriage, she generally lays aside all her learning with her maiden state. Other avocations then engross her attention, and either her mind is not sufficiently capacious, or her taste sufficiently versatile, to enable her to divide her time between her old pursuits and her new. One of them must be neglected for the other, and the happiness of life is probably promoted by the preference usually given, in this dilemma, to the occupations of a nurse and housekeeper.

One of the most eminent examples of a literary wife on record is madame Dacier; but she was particularly fortunate in the direction which was taken by her literary and her matrimonial inclinations. This lady and her learned husband are said to have sympathized in their passion for letters and admiration of ancient authors; living in the utmost harmony to the end of their lives; united by taste and talents, but still more by affection. In Arabia, where polygamy is al-

lowed, a poor man frequently marries two, three, and four wives, for the convenience of their helping to maintain or enrich him by their united labours. What a treasure to a literary drudge would be such a *help-mate* as madame Dacier!

But this is a felicity rare and unparalleled, not only from the rarity of such characters among women, but from the unfrequency of such circumstances as enable a married couple both of them to devote themselves to learning and study, without material detriment to their happiness or comfort in other respects. As a general maxim, none can be truer than this:

Intolerabilius nihil est quam fœmina
studiosa.

For the Literary Magazine.

STATE PRISONS.

CUSTOM has introduced, among the nations of Europe, a distinction between common prisons and state prisons. The former are designed for the reception of debtors or felons, who are victims of the laws in their regular and ordinary operation. The latter are destined to hold those who are guilty of offences against the sovereignty of the state, or who are confined by the authority of the executive magistrate, exercised independently of customary forms and ordinary tribunals.

Such is the constitution of our minds, that the greatest cruelty and most outrageous injustice exercised agreeably to written laws are passed over without notice. As our distinctions of right and wrong are creatures, for the most part, of habit, law and justice have become almost correlatives. Every thing is right provided it be legal, and every thing is wrong which is a breach of common and established laws. The smallest suffering or inconvenience, incurred from the illegal exercise

of executive authority, is deplored as the most insupportable misery as well as the most flagrant injustice.

In America, and in a considerable degree in England, the executive power has no right to arrest, or imprison, or punish, independently of legal or judicial process. Hence the people of these countries have an unspeakable abhorrence of such proceedings, and nothing interests their feelings more than the tales of those who have been condemned to the solitude and hardships of a state prison. No lessons on the wickedness of despotism are thought to be more striking or affecting than are gathered from such stories. As the prisoner himself is always the relater of the tale, his own character and conduct are sure to be immaculate, all his sufferings undeserved, and the motives of the royal or imperial persecutor always cruel and malicious. As he stands in no danger of detection, his self-love will, of course, assume all the merits of unblemished innocence, and his fancy will clothe the sufferings he has endured with the blackest and most shocking hues. We resign ourselves without scruple to the impulses of a generous indignation, and are seldom aware that the cruelty we detest, the fortitude we revere, and the sufferings we commiserate, are, for the most part, imaginary.

A most striking example of this kind of narrative is afforded by the memoirs of Trenck, one of the most read and most widely diffused books in any language. Its popularity has indeed declined with its novelty, and the experience of more recent times has somewhat slackened the eagerness with which we used to listen to the tale of the horrors and oppressions incident to despotic governments.

The most curious instance of a state prison, with the condition and offences of those who are usually considered as its inmates, is to be found in Trenck's account of Königstein (Kingstone), in Saxony.—This vast rock is not a fortress, he tells us, which an invading enemy

must subdue before he can conquer Saxony. It contains but a small garrison, incapable of making a sally; and serves only to secure the records of the country, and prisoners of state. Konigstein is the bastille of Saxony; in which many a man has pined out his life in durance.

On one occasion parts of the rock were blown up to form casemates. In doing this, was found a dungeon bored in the solid stone to the depth of three hundred and sixty feet. At the bottom of this dungeon appeared a bedstead, on which a skeleton reposed, and by its side the remains of a dead dog. Mournful sight for a heart possessed of the feelings of a man! At present the walls of this prison confine three persons not unworthy of notice.

One of these was private secretary to the court of Saxony, and in the year 1756 betrayed the secrets of the Dresden archives to the king of Prussia. He was taken in Poland; and has now been four and thirty years in a dungeon:—he still lives, but his appearance is more that of a wild beast than of a man.

Another is one colonel Acton. He who is acquainted with the secret history of Dresden will remember the horrid poisoning scheme, which was detected, but was thought proper to be kept secret. Acton was the chief in this conspiracy. He was by birth an Italian; possessed a Calabrian heart; was a bold and handsome man; and was the favourite of the dowager electress.—Acton has still many friends in Dresden, and enjoys more liberty than his fellow-prisoners. Where he is, however, he must die: but he is a great villain, and cannot accuse his imprisonment of injustice.

The third is a fine young Swede. Six years ago he was arrested at Leipsic, at the private request of the king of Sweden, and brought to Konigstein in a mask. When he was taken, he defended himself like a lion, claiming his right to be protected by the laws of nations. This man is excluded from the light of

day. No one sees him; no one speaks to him. And, on pain of death, no one must know what his name is, who he is, or that he is there. From what I could learn, he is no criminal; he has had no trial; but some *state* or love intrigue at the Swedish court has brought on him this fate. Pity him, reader! he has no deliverance to hope but death: for the elector has promised the king of Sweden, that he shall never more behold the beams of the sun. He is now under thirty years of age, and the worthy governor cannot speak of him without the tear of compassion in his eye: he shrugs his shoulders, looks up to heaven, and says—It is the elector's order, and I must obey.

By this account of the prisoners at Konigstein, it appears that two of the prisoners are really criminals, and by no means objects of compassion. We are even allowed to suppose, that Acton's condition is rather that of a *detained*, than of an imprisoned person. As to the third, this lively declaimer has so contrived as to excite our sympathy for the *fine young Swede*, and yet, for aught that appears in this passage, he may have justly merited his fate. It is worth observing, that in so extensive a territory, and so absolute a government, as Saxony, there should be, at one time, only *three* prisoners of state, the guilt of two of whom is unquestionable. The inference to be rationally deduced from this relation is by no means unfavourable to the justice and mildness of the Saxon government.

For the Literary Magazine.

A BOOKWORM.

A MAN may wander long before he meets with so memorable an example of a bookworm as I have lately met with in the account given by an entertaining traveller, of

Magliabechi, librarian to the archduke of Tuscany.

When this traveller visited Florence, he did not fail to pay his respects to this great man, who was considered as its ornament. He found him amongst his books, of which the number was prodigious. Two or three rooms in the first story were crowded with them, not only along their sides, but piled in heaps on the floors; so that it was difficult to sit, and more so to walk. A narrow space was contrived indeed, so that by walking side-ways, you might extricate yourself from one room to another. This was not all; the passage below stairs was full of books, and the staircase from the top to the bottom was lined with them. When you reached the second story, you saw with astonishment three rooms, similar to those below, equally full; so crowded, that two beds in these chambers were also crammed with books.

This apparent confusion did not, however, hinder Magliabechi from immediately finding the books he wanted. He knew them all so well, that even to the least of them it was sufficient to see its outside, to say what it was; and indeed he read them day and night, and never lost sight of any. He eat on his books, he slept on his books, and quitted them as rarely as possible. During his whole life he only went twice from Florence; once to see Fiesoli, which is not above two leagues distant, and once ten miles further by order of the grand duke. Nothing could be more simple than his mode of life; a few eggs, a little bread, and some water, were his ordinary food. A drawer of his desk being open, the visitant saw there several eggs, and some money, which Magliabechi had placed there for his daily use. But as this drawer was generally open, it frequently happened, that the servants of his friends, or strangers who came to see him, pilfered some of these things; and, I suppose, preferred the money to the eggs.

His dress was as philosophical as his repasts. A black doublet which descended to his knees; large and long breeches; an old patched black cloak; an enormous hat, very much worn, and the edges ragged; a large neckcloth of coarse cloth, begrimed with snuff; a dirty shirt, which he always wore as long as it lasted, and which the broken elbows of his doublet did not conceal; and to finish this inventory, a pair of ruffles which did not belong to the shirt. Such was the brilliant dress of our learned Florentine; and in such did he appear in the public streets, as well as in his own house. Let me not forget another circumstance: to warm his hands he generally had a stove with fire fastened to his arms, so that his clothes were generally singed and burnt, and his hands scorched. Excepting all this, he had nothing otherwise remarkable about him. He was the best man in the world, and was extremely polite and affable to strangers.

Though so arrant a bookworm as Magliabechi is rarely to be met with, almost every student is remarkable for inattention to some circumstance of decency, comfort, or health. They are generally of good and placid tempers, and, by this circumstance perhaps, more than any other, are enabled to obviate or rectify the injuries which their health would incur from inactivity.

For the Literary Magazine.

ARABIA FELIX.

ALL ideas of merit are said to be comparative. Hence it is, that to comprehend one who endeavours to convey an idea of places or persons, in general terms, we must be thoroughly acquainted with the history of the describer. His judgment of what is great or little, good or bad, beautiful or ugly, is under the

influence of his own experience.— That is remarkably large, which exceeds in bulk any thing of the same kind he ever saw before, though to others it may be remarkably little, for a similar reason.

Our judgment is not only dictated by our general experience, but also by the state of our feelings at particular times. *All looks yellow to the jaundiced eye.* Sickness and ill-humour will bestow gloomy and disheartening colours on every scene. Joyous health decks in gay hues a prospect the flattest and most dreary, as a keen appetite makes delicious the coarsest fare.

Men, after a long voyage, are in raptures with the verdure and fragrance of a fruitful shore. They dress out in the ornaments of paradise, in consequence of first impressions, what, after a few months' residence, dwindles into ordinary or insipid.

The epithet *felix*, or happy, is a most expressive term, and, when applied to a country, seems to lay claim to every splendid and delicious image. It has never been associated but with one name, Arabia, and habit has disposed us to bestow upon *Araby the blest* every terrestrial beauty and felicity. And yet, if we believe Niebuhr, a most intelligent traveller in the east, it is far from being worthy of this exalted epithet. In a journey of more than two months over this region, neither antiquities, arts, sciences, agriculture, nor any kind of cultivation, except the single article coffee, appeared in his whole route. So ignorant are the inhabitants of this part of Yemen, respecting the most common knowledge of clowns and peasants in Europe, that they have yet discovered no better method of felling a tree, than by burning the roots.

The country is, no doubt, indebted for this ostentatious appellation to the contrast which its irregular and not absolutely naked surface bears to the stony or sandy sterility and uniformity of the greatest part of that vast peninsula.

For the Literary Magazine.

DEATH FROM FRIGHT.

THOSE who enumerate the mischiefs of the French revolution, are not contented with making out formidable lists of those who perished by the sword or the guillotine, by disease in military hospitals, or by hunger in the solitude of caves and forests, but they reckon at least four thousand persons, who died through fright, or killed themselves in despair. A due attention to this circumstance will considerably enlarge our view, as to the consequences of great public calamities or revolutions.

This representation is, in some degree, confirmed and illustrated, by the report of an eminent physician, published in a periodical work of Fourcroy's, for 1793, on the diseases of Paris. The reporter tells us, that the apprehensions which many people felt, on occasion of the revolution of the 10th of August, gave rise to the sanguineous apoplexy, to hemiplegia, and to paralytic affections of the organs of speech. One of my patients, says this physician, died of fright in three minutes, in consequence of seeing heads and dead bodies carried under his window. Another person, above sixty years old, of a corpulent habit, was struck with apoplexy, from the same cause, and died in three days. At the same period, a young man, thirty years old, died of a nervous fever, accompanied with convulsions of all the tendons (*subsultus tendinum*), in consequence of terror and alarm. In his delirium, he talked of nothing but massacre, and, at intervals, he became comatose.

For the Literary Magazine.

STAMMERING.

A WRITER in the above work mentions four cases of stammerers who could sing with the most per-

fect fluency. Stammering itself is a most curious phenomenon, and this circumstance shows the power of association in a surprising degree.

For the Literary Magazine.

HYBERNATION.

A LATE French writer has advanced a new and ingenious theory on the winter's sleep of animals. He supposes that the torpor of certain animals, in cold weather, is not *natural*, nor coeval with the species. The species subjected to it are natives of countries warmer than those in which they undergo this change; but, from their multiplication beyond their means of subsistence, they were obliged to emigrate. The unusual cold of the new climate (provided they moved from the equator), and the failure of food in winter, brought on the state of torpor. These animals, carried back to a warm climate, or supplied with food in plenty, never hibernate; in like manner, if fed by the hand of man, they lose this habit. It is probable, as Mr. Hunter also once conjectured, that all animals, man not excepted, are capable of this state: it is certain that sheep in Iceland pass the winter covered with snow, where they probably take no food, and where indeed they could only find a little dried heath: the Swiss have been found motionless under snow (*avalanches*), and, though they had remained long in this state without food, recover perfectly; it is now believed that swallows do not quit the country in which they live during summer. The small number of these birds hitherto discovered in a state of hybernation adds much probability to this opinion, since the swallow seems capable of passing the winter-months with us without torpor, according to circumstances. Extreme warmth has nearly the same effect on animals which cold produces. In excessively hot sea-

sons, almost the same torpor prevails throughout nature, and many animals hide themselves in dark and cool recesses, or emigrate.

One of the most mysterious things in nature is the cause of hybernation, especially that of aquatic plants, which, in order to avoid the rigour of winter, retire to the bottom of the water at the setting-in of this season, and emerge on the approach of the first fine weather in spring. Change of temperature alone seems insufficient to account for this phenomenon, for it sometimes happens that plants emerge when the temperature is lower than at the time of their sinking. The phenomenon doubtless depends on the *accumulation of excitability*, if we may use this phrase, during the state of quiescence of the vegetables: the same thing happens to animals.

For the Literary Magazine.

MRS. BARBAULD AND MISS BURNEY.

MRS. BARBAULD is generally known to us only as a poet and a writer of moral essays and tales. In like manner, Miss Burney appears before us merely as a writer of novels. To the honour of the sex, however, it is to be mentioned, that both these ladies have once been seduced into the paths of public and dignified eloquence. Two of the most eloquent productions of modern times claim these ladies for their authors. In 1793, Mrs. Barbauld, on occasion of a fast enjoined upon the nation, for the purpose of supplicating success to the war, recently engaged in with France, published a discourse, entitled *Sins of the Government Sins of the Nation*. In the same year, Miss Burney published an address to the British ladies, in behalf of the emigrant French clergy. Both of these performances manifested a wisdom and eloquence, which no productions of the present age have exceeded. If

I wanted to inspire a female with generous sentiments and a useful emulation, I should put these two pieces in her hands, rather than any other with which I am acquainted.

ple in love ; but, at the same time, let them unfold the emotions that preceded, and the causes that produced, the passion, and, afterward, trace it through all its consequences.

For the Literary Magazine.

OMNIPOTENCE OF LOVE.

FEW doctrines have perpetrated more lasting and extensive mischief, than that love is omnipotent, and that licentiousness is justified by the consideration that it was irresistible. While the mind is under certain mistakes, we must grant that certain consequences necessarily follow ; and in that sense love is irresistible : but the principal of those mistakes is, that the party in love should suppose love to be unconquerable. The examples that other passions are, in certain individuals, stronger than love, are infinite ; consequently, the supposition of its omnipotence is absurd. These remarks apply too much to the numerous class of books called novels ; and we suspect that the mischief, which, according to some moralists, has been done by novels, originates in this error : it is an error that has been adopted by successive novel writers, because, not knowing how to unfold the emotions of the mind, and to give reasons for incidents which, though true, were uncommon, they could imagine no better expedient than that of resorting to the omnipotence of love. Those people, who are willing to indulge irregular desires, have very readily credited this doctrine, and the *force of love* is now a part of the creed of almost every master and miss in the reading world.

Novel writing has often been, and will, no doubt, again be, the source of great moral benefit to mankind : it is therefore peculiarly incumbent on novel writers to discard this prejudice from their productions. Let them, if they please, show us peo-

For the Literary Magazine.

A SPECIMEN OF POLITICAL IMPROVEMENT.

Continued from page 128.

EVERY district in Great Britain, of any considerable extent, contains at least the vestiges of an ancient castle and abbey. The ruinous condition of these edifices is more owing to the neglect and violence of men, than to the frailty of their structure or materials. The ferocious avarice and barbarous tyranny of Henry VIII, in England, and the wild fury of a fanatical populace, in Scotland, were the causes of the destruction of abbeys ; while the change of manners, which rendered a fortress no longer necessary to personal safety, has occasioned the ruin of castles. In some few instances the abbey, though with a multitude of alterations, has become a private dwelling, and the castle, rendered sacred by the images of ancient grandeur and power, has, at an immense expence, been converted to the same use. In general, however, both are reduced to their foundations, and are cherished merely as mementos of past ages.

C—— is not a little singular in this respect. It has a castle and an abbey, but they can, in no sense of that word, be termed antiquities. They were erected by Alexander M——, lord of C——, in the course of the fifteenth century. The motives and character of the builder were somewhat remarkable, and deserve a more particular mention.

When he came to his estate he found the ancient abbey in a tottering condition. The castle was likewise sinking with age, but, in both cases, their crumbling state

was owing to an injudicious choice of materials, and mode of construction, as well as to age. They were founded in the eleventh century, by a Saxon thane, who, driven from the southern part of the island, by the Norman invader, took refuge in C—, and, by marrying the daughter and heiress of the native lord, became possessed, in due time, of the sovereignty. His abbey afforded an asylum to a colony of fugitive monks from Lancashire, and his castle protected his family and people from the inroads of neighbouring clans.

His descendant, Alexander, lived in an age when all the arts had made a considerable progress. He had spent his youth in France and Italy, and brought home with him ideas of accommodation and embellishment far superior to any before current among his countrymen. He had imbibed some very aspiring notions of his own dignity, and was determined to erect his lordship into a principality wholly independent and self-governed. He easily wrested from James II, who then reigned, almost all the royal prerogatives and superiorities relative to this district, and proposed to signalize his piety, as well as strengthen his power, by erecting a new abbey and a new castle. Both of these he was ambitious of making more solid, durable, capacious, and more suitable to their respective purposes than any buildings of either kind that then existed.

It was this lord who first discovered that valuable material, since brought so much into use by sir A—. It is a white freestone, very ponderous, but in the quarry, and while inaccessible to air, almost as easily wrought as chalk. With time and exposure to the atmosphere it acquires extreme hardness. Hence it is easy to shape it into the largest and smallest, the simplest and most complex figures. These admirable properties fit it, in the highest degree, for great and magnificent buildings.

Italy at that time abounded with artists capable of giving, to great buildings, every solidity and beauty of proportion and of ornament.—One of these was Piero Sarchi, who complied with Alexander's invitation, and spent the greatest part of his life in this remote district.

The monastery already existing was dedicated to St. Ulpha, whom tradition represents as the earliest christian missionary into C—. His remains were buried under the high altar in the church, and he was, like other saints in the Romish ritual, nothing more nor less than the local genius, the tutelary deity of C—. From the first visit of this saint, in the fifth century, this spot had been the scite of a place of worship. Edmond, the Saxon fugitive, raised an abbey on this spot, whose walls and towers, half demolished by time, were entirely razed by Alexander, who erected an entire new structure in its stead.

At the reformation, about one hundred years after, the people, simple and artless, by no means displayed that impetuous fury which distinguished the rest of their countrymen. The abbot himself was the first to adopt the fashionable change in religion, by which he converted the estate of the abbey which he held, as abbot, only for life, into an absolute inheritance. The abbey continued to be his own residence, and hence, instead of being overthrown like other fabrics of the same nature, was preserved with greater care than before.

This abbey has been exposed to few of the common causes of destruction to which such fabrics, differently situated, have been liable. Being always used as a habitation, it has always been kept in habitable order. The occasional waste of time and the weather have been repaired in due season, and its original ceilings, floors, and furniture being formed of imperishable stone, or of the durable larch, are in a sound and entire state. It is a circumstance sufficiently remarkable, that,

since the change of its masters, it has undergone very few alterations, and that part of it which consists of stone-bore no appearance of having undergone the slightest alteration since the beginning of the sixteenth century.

The stone is of a whitish hue, and, at a distance, looks as fresh and brilliant as if it were lately wrought. The contemplation of it suggests few of those images of which an ancient abbey is commonly a fertile source. Mouldering and ivy clad walls, solitude, silence, and desolation are not the companions of St. Ulpha, and it bears no marks of antiquity but the style in which it is built, which is a grand and simple gothic, and some antique tombs, furniture, and books.

Martin of C——, the abbot, at the reformation, was near of kin to the lord of C——, and the abbey, with the lands belonging to it, reverted, in the middle of the seventeenth century, to the chief of the family. From that period it ceased to be the habitation of the head, who occupied a large mansion of comparatively recent date, in the middle of the forest.

Some collateral relation of the family, some maiden sister, or some dowager mother continued to reside at the abbey. Here the great grandmother of sir A——'s wife breathed her last, at a great age, about the time her grandson acceded to the estate. After that event, a few domestics were all its inhabitants, and its books, furniture, and curiosities were a prey to the rapacity of Donald the steward.

At the time of sir A——'s arrival, the usual family abode was in a very ruinous condition, and the abbey, though not without its inconveniences, was, in every respect, a preferable residence. Here, accordingly, he took up his abode, and from this recess superintended the execution of his schemes.

Sir A—— was far from being indifferent to the genuine luxuries and refinements of life, but his passion for objects of this kind was subordi-

nate to other passions, and he felt no inclination to provide for himself until he had amply provided for others. During the time sir A—— spent in the abbey, it underwent no alterations but such as were required to make it a comfortable abode; but after he removed to apartments in his new town, he began to enquire to what use the vacant abbey might be best applied. After some deliberation, he resolved to convert it into a college, in which a certain number of pupils, selected from the inferior schools, might be instructed in the higher branches of knowledge.

As this college was a creature of his own munificence, he was at liberty to give it what form he thought proper, and it afforded so favourable an opportunity for promoting knowledge in his little territory, that he set himself to the task of devising and digesting its rules and canons with extraordinary zeal.

Among various other rules, prescribed to this institution, the following were perhaps of most note.—The offices of teacher, in the inferior schools, of stewards, both principal and subordinate, and of parish ministers, were only to be filled by the pupils of this college. Pupils were admitted at the age of twenty, and a diploma, declaring them proficient, and making them eligible for such offices, was only granted after a scholarship of five years, and after their attainments, intellectual and moral, had undergone a strict examination. By marriage, contracted during this term, they forfeited their station in the college, with all its advantages.

Knowledge may be distinguished into such as is acquired by secluded study and meditation, and such as requires, in order to its production or perfection, travel, and residence in foreign parts.

Natural history, and especially its chief object, the science of *man*, can only be studied and improved by passing through different countries, and residing in different nations. We cannot improve and enlarge our own mechanical and agricultura-

ral arts, without viewing and investigating those of other nations; and the finer arts of dancing, music, painting, and sculpture, particularly require a residence in France, Germany, and Italy.

Sir A——'s ruling passion was connected with those objects of pursuit, by which the real comfort and wealth of his people were promoted. In comparison with the art of doubling the product of a hay or turnip field, or making a certain quantity of fuel answer all the purposes formerly effected by a double quantity, all other arts were trivial and insignificant, in his estimation. But though these things were of prime importance, he well knew that the happiness of life is drawn from a great number of sources. His natural temper, had it not been controuled by principle, would have entirely devoted him to the luxuries of taste. As it was, he conceived them worthy of no small portion of regard. He carefully noticed any juvenile token of genius for poetry, painting, or music, drew the fortunate youth from his obscurity and poverty, and bestowed upon him every advantage of education and travel.

A certain number of the members of this college were constantly employed in foreign countries, on an adequate though moderate pension; a certain number were entirely employed in education at home, within the precincts of the college; while a third class, enjoying apartments in the college, were bound to devote themselves to the cultivation and improvement of the sciences in general, or to perform some college office.

This establishment has long consisted of ten travelling or *missionary* members, who each receive a stipend of three hundred pounds a year, while absent *on mission*, ten resident members, ten tutors, one hundred pupils, and twenty servants.

The dress, diet, and employment of the resident members of this college were all regulated by a strict

regard to sobriety and temperance. Soundness of mind and body was the object of these regulations; but, while this benefit was gained, that of cheapness and economy was accomplished by the same means. The whole annual expence, which was defrayed by the lord, did not exceed six thousand pounds: a sum you will think extremely small, when divided among so many. On the tenants of the college itself, there was indeed expended only three thousand pounds, which is only an average of near thirty pounds a piece; but this was made a liberal subsistence by several circumstances. Provision was expended with the utmost order and economy, which was facilitated by the whole society dwelling under one roof. The diet was confined to domestic products, and the whole of it was raised upon three farms of twenty-five acres each, belonging to the college, and is not included in the above sum, which was laid out on other objects.

To accommodate this society, though so numerous, the abbey in its original state was quite sufficient. In making the necessary alterations and additions, the old fabric was carefully preserved, and the same style of architecture carried throughout. Sir A—— was ambitious of preserving a monument of art, honourable to his own taste, and useful to his people. He procured the aid of the best artists of the age, in planning and adorning his college, and his free income giving him an almost unlimited command of labour, all that he designed he required only a short time to execute.

Sir A—— enriched his college with all the furniture of knowledge: books, maps, and prints, botanic and mineralogical specimens, philosophical apparatus of every kind.— Within this studious and favourite enclosure, he endeavoured to collect every thing which could enlarge the understanding, exalt the fancy, or purify the heart.

Many circumstances aided and befriended sir A—— in these his

arduous schemes. His uncle had spent a much longer life than his has been in maturing the same plan of improvement, in his Devonshire estate. This estate was indeed originally much smaller; its soil and climate better, and the people and their arts in a much more improved state, than the northern one; so that the proprietor had much fewer objects to attend to, and fewer obstacles to overcome. But the difficulties of sir A—— were much lessened by the institutions of his predecessor, not only inasmuch as they afforded him the inducement and direction of a practical example, but also plenty of the hands and the tools which his purposes demanded.

A wise system of government not only encreases the happiness of individuals, but multiplies their number. The latter effect is, to a certain degree, inconsistent with the former, and it is the test and essence of political wisdom, not only to raise the number of its subjects to the greatest height consistent with individual felicity, but likewise to perform a more arduous task, that of hindering this number from encreasing.

Men who endeavour, like the uncle and the nephew in the present case, to raise the condition of such human beings as reside within a few miles square, can scarcely ever have the latter task to perform. As their influence is confined to a small spot in a great country, all redundant population finds an outlet, by which to flow off.

Happily, indeed, for sir A——'s English tenants, as well as for the success of his own projects, the Scottish demesnes afforded this convenient and beneficial outlet. All the art, industry, moderation, and wisdom, of which a considerable portion was required in his subordinate agents and ministers, were, if I may so speak, ready furnished by his uncle's institutions. These had bred up a great number of ingenious, accomplished, and industrious young men, who were eager to embrace the advantageous offers of

their landlord, and not only to people his farms and work-shops, but to fill the pulpits of his churches, and the preceptorial chairs in his schools and his college, and to execute his scientific and literary commissions in foreign countries.

To be continued.

For the Literary Magazine.

CONNECTICUT SCENERY.

From a Traveller's Journal.

HIGBY'S MOUNTAIN.

ON Wednesday, Mr. D—— and myself on horseback, and my friend and A—— in a chaise, visited two lofty points in the neighbourhood of this city (Middletown), called Higby's mountain and Powder hill. The first is ascended by a winding and craggy road, leading through a forest of shrub-oaks and cedars. The opposite side is a steep and rugged cliff, the height of which it is difficult to ascertain. This cliff, whose descent is, in many places, perpendicular, forms a kind of wall, from the foot of which there stretches a scene of magnificent extent, and delicious variety.

The prospect was obscured by woods, till we reached the verge. The farther we advanced, the declivity became more steep and rugged. It is usual to leave carriages and horses at the bottom, and ascend on foot. Unwillingness to leave our horses at a distance made us persist in pushing them forward, till we brought them within sixty or eighty yards of the precipice, over rocks and steeps, which a calm view would have deemed wholly impracticable.

We traversed this brink for some time, chusing different stations to diversify the view. I feel an elevation and expansion of soul on these occasions, difficult to be described. These emotions were heightened, in

the present instance, by their novelty. Scenery so ample and stupendous, I never before beheld. A plain, broken up into luxuriant undulations, checquered by sunshine and shade, divided into regular enclosures of grove, corn-field, and meadow, and forming a circle, whose diameter was hardly less than forty miles, was diffused before us. The cliff on which we stood formed part of the circumference of this circle. The Sound and the shadowy ridges of Long Island formed another part. The remainder was shut out by a smooth and gradually swelling ridge, covered with wood, which advanced into the midst of the circle, and then sinking suddenly to the level of the adjacent spaces, left an abrupt knoll, which we conjectured to be ten miles distant.

Nothing is more deceitful than the common estimate of heights. That which we occupied appeared the greater by being so abrupt, and by contrast with that wide spread and billowy surface which it bounded. The fields appeared like the plots of a garden. In one of them, immediately beneath us, were kine grazing, which my companions, for a time, mistook for sheep. Viewed from so high a pinnacle, their outlines were indistinct, and peculiarities of shape and motion were not to be distinguished.

My friends dared not to approach the verge. Dizziness and a disposition to spring forward seized them when they caught a glance at the abyss. I gave them much disquiet, and brought upon me the reproach of fool-hardiness and temerity, by venturing to sit upon the utmost brink, and look steadfastly on the gloomy and profound dell, in which the cliff terminated. I took pleasure in following with my eye the rocks which they rolled down the precipice, and which carried down with them the stony fragments which they encountered in their passage, and bounded over rocks and chasms with a noise that had in it no small portion of sublimity.

Satiated with this amusement, we at length prepared to return. This was more difficult than the ascent had been. It cost us much trouble to find a practicable path for our horses. D—— and I, taking the way which we had already traversed, arrived, after much stumbling and sliding, at more *footable* spaces. A—— and W——, who had charge of the chaise-horse, made their way, with extreme difficulty, and some injury to the poor animal whom they conducted, over a more dangerous track.

We carried refreshments along with us; and stopping at a farm at the mountain's foot, enjoyed the luxury of coolness, and shade, and pleasant viands. Lemonade and cold ham formed an agreeable repast, in the midst of new made hay, and beneath an apple-tree, in an orchard, whence the neighbouring mountain could be advantageously seen.

POWDER HILL.

After our refreshment, much of the day being unconsumed, we proceeded, over a pleasant road, to *Powder hill*. I had much talk with D—— as we trotted side by side.

We found colonel Lyman, a farmer who lives near the hill, busy in his hay field. He led us to an excellent spring, where we once more regaled ourselves on lemonade, and leaving our horses in the meadow, ascended the hill. Like the former, this hill consists of a gradual ascent on one side, and a towering precipice upon the other. The cliff was not so high, nor the landscape so extensive, as the former, but it was an enchanting scene. The atmosphere was, in a high degree, serene and luminous, and the sun promised to set with uncommon splendour. The cliff looked towards the west, and the harbour of Newhaven and the Sound were distinctly visible. I was willing to sit here till the sun

had disappeared, but my friends did not concur.

The artifices of description would give as much dignity and splendour to these scenes, as if they had occurred in the bosom of the Alps. All mountains and mountainous excursions agree in essential particulars. The difference is unimportant, and would not be discovered in the hands of an eloquent describer.

JOB'S POOL.

Yesterday afternoon, A——, W——, and I crossed the river, half a mile wide in this place, in a kind of boat, which I cannot better describe than by calling it a batteau, both whose ends are stern-fashion, that is, broad and square. It was impelled forward, not by rowing, but by *sculling*. We were provided with a half dozen limes and a glass tumbler, which we produced at the edge of a spring, and refreshed ourselves after a fatiguing walk.

This lake was made to embellish a poetical description. Fancy, in her pictures, is ingenious in omitting all harsh and untoward features. All is chrystalline, and cool, and flowery, in the abode which she selects for the nymphs. Here, however, the truth is so graceful and enchanting as to require no omissions, and be scarcely susceptible of any embellishments.

This lake is called *Job's Pool*. It lies in the midst of cultivated lawns and wooded dales. Its surface is unbroken by shoals or islets, and is spread over some hundreds of acres. Its sides constitute waving and corresponding lines, whose curvature is the smoothest and most luxuriant imaginable. Its supplies are drawn from subterranean or secret sources, as no stream either enters it or issues from it, and its height is said to be equally unaffected by winter's torrents or summer's droughts.

Its depth, in the middle, has not hitherto been fathomed. The bottom ascends on all sides, and by

equable degrees, to the margin, which is smooth, unembarrassed by stocks or stones, and covered with white clover, whose blossom is exceeded by few plants in its fragrance and beauty. This embroidery extends to the very skirts of the lake, and ends only where its liquid murmurs and transparent reflucence begin.

Its waters abound with perch and other fish, whose sports are seldom or never interrupted by the fisherman. The temperature, as we experienced by bathing in it, was, in the highest degree, mild and salubrious. We lingered here for some time, and returned to Middletown at the close of a delightful day.

For the Literary Magazine.

PASSAGE OF THE ALPS.

BONAPARTE'S passage of the Alps has been celebrated as an exploit no less singular than arduous; and yet France has produced, almost every war, for this half a dozen centuries, at least one Hannibal as adventurous and successful in surmounting this gigantic barrier, as the Hannibal now living. The attempt of the prince of Conti, under Louis XV, to pass these mountains, by no means falls short of the recent one, and shows as forcibly that the greatest difficulties may be surmounted by valour and perseverance. Most of these *passages* are equal to each other in the havoc and cruelty committed on the people of the invaded country. Among many like instances which occurred under the prince of Conti, the following was by no means the most atrocious. Thirty peasants were carried to their native village, and hanged, in the presence of their friends and relatives, for having opposed the invaders of their country. Bonaparte's punishments were still more summary and comprehensive. When a village was found a little restive and turbulent, *all* the inhabitants were collected and shot to

death, and the houses, after being well rummaged and ransacked, were burnt to the ground.

For the Literary Magazine.

EMPLOYMENT A CURE FOR
LUNACY.

IT may be very wise in most cases, and in some cases absolutely necessary, to shut up maniacs alone, in naked, gloomy, noisome cells, and to consign them to total inactivity. One, who is no physician, can hardly fail of condemning such modes of treatment. We know that these circumstances would make a sound man crazy. It is hard to believe them capable of making a crazy man sound.

The following information, to be found in a report upon the state of the lunatic hospital at Saragossa, in Spain, is worthy notice. The cure, says the reporter, is generally attempted by cold bathing and refrigerant medicines; but the treatment seldom answers. Constant experience has shown, that some employment, which exercises the patients' limbs, is the most efficacious mode of cure. Most of those lunatics, who are employed in the shops and offices of the house, recover. Their occupation consists in cleaning the house, carrying wood and water, harvest work, and the like.

Part of the house is appropriated to persons of the richer class, whose friends support them. It is asserted that *lunatics of distinction*, who are not employed in any servile occupation, nor in labour of any sort, seldom recover.

For the Literary Magazine.

MARVELLOUS STORIES.

IGNORANCE, they say, is the mother of credulity; but I think

this maxim is a false one. It is the characteristic of human nature to discredit what is opposite to our own observation or experience.—Whether this observation and experience be narrow or extensive, we are equally disposed to deny credit to that which contradicts it. Perhaps it is the natural consequence of enlarged knowledge to produce credulity, or a disposition to admit, if not the truth, yet, at least, the likelihood or possibility of facts, not enforced by the strongest testimony, though such facts do not coincide with our own experience. The more we know, the larger are the limits of possibility. Every new fact or appearance is, of course, not coincident with previous knowledge, and seems to allow us to conjecture the possibility or existence of things, as remote from the fact just known, as this fact is from what was previously known.

Should a traveller in unknown countries, half a century ago, have related, on his return, that, in this remote region, he met with an animal, whose fore legs were not one-fifth part, in length or size, of the hind ones. Suppose him to say, that the strength this animal has, in its hind quarters, is very great: in its endeavours to escape when surprised, it springs from its hind legs, and leaps at each bound about six or eight yards, but does not appear in running to let its fore feet come near the ground; indeed they are so very short, that it is not possible that the animal can use them in running: they have vast strength also in their tail; it is, no doubt, a principal part of their defence, when attacked; for with it they can strike with prodigious force, I believe with sufficient power to break the leg of a man; nor is it improbable that this great strength in the tail may assist them in making those astonishing springs.

The opossum (which, before the discovery of America would have been thought a natural impossibility) is also very numerous here, but it is not exactly like the American opos-

sum; it partakes a good deal of the moka, in the strength of its tail, and make of its fore legs, which are very short in proportion to its hind ones; like the opossum it has the pouch, or false belly, for the safety of its young in time of danger, and its colour is nearly the same, but the fur is thicker and finer. There are several other animals of a smaller size, down as low as the field rat, which, in some part or other, partake of the moka and opossum. I have caught many rats with this pouch for carrying their young when pursued, and the legs, claws, and tail of this rat are exactly like those of the moka. It was wonderful to see what a vast variety of fish are caught, which, in some part or other, partake of the shark: it is no uncommon thing to see a skate's head and shoulders to the hind part of a shark, or a shark's head to the body of a large mullet, and sometimes to the flat body of a sting-ray.

With respect to the feathered tribe, the parrot prevails; I have shot birds with the head, neck, and bill of a parrot, and with the same variety of the most beautiful plumage on these parts for which that bird here is distinguished, and a tail and body of a different make and colour, with long, straight, and delicately made feet and legs, which is the very reverse of any bird of the parrot kind formerly known. I have also seen a bird with the legs and feet of a parrot, the head and neck made and coloured like the common sea-gull, and the wings and tail of a hawk. I have likewise seen trees bearing three different kinds of leaves, and frequently have found others bearing the leaf of the gum tree, with the gum exuding from it, and covered with bark of a very different kind.

There are a great variety of birds in this country; all those of the parrot tribe are clothed with the most beautiful plumage that can be conceived; it would require an able pencil to give a stranger an idea of them, for it is impossible by words to describe them. The common

crow is found here, but the sound of their voice and manner of croaking are very different from those in Europe. Here are a great variety of smaller birds, but I have not found one with a pleasing note. I have seen several large birds, which I supposed, when I first saw them, to be the ostrich, as they could not fly when pursued, but ran so exceedingly fast, that a very strong and fleet greyhound could not come near them: it was, when standing, seven feet two inches from its feet to the upper part of its head. The only difference which I could perceive between this bird and the ostrich was in its bill, which appears to me to be narrower at the point; and it has three toes, which, I am told, is not the case with the ostrich. It has one characteristic, by which it may be known, and which may be thought very extraordinary; this is that two distinct feathers grew out from every quill. The ants are of various sizes, from the smallest known in Europe, to the size of nearly an inch long. Some are black, some white, and some of the largest sort, reddish. Those of this kind are really a formidable little animal; if you tread near the nest, which is generally under ground, with various little passages, or outlets, and have disturbed them, they will sally forth in vast numbers, attack their disturbers with astonishing courage, and even pursue them to a considerable distance; and their bite is attended, for a time, with a most acute pain. Some build their nests against a tree, to the size of a large bee-hive; an other sort raises mounts on the ground, of clay, to the height of four feet. In speaking of the spider, it would be improper to be silent on the industry of this little creature: I call them little, although, if compared with our common spider, they are very large; they spread their web in the woods between trees, generally to a distance of twelve or fourteen yards, and weave them so very strong, that it requires considerable force to break them. I have

seen the silk of which the web is composed wound off into a ball, and think it equal to any I ever saw in the same state from the silk worm. I have found upon bushes, on which the web has been hanging in clusters, a thin shell, something like that wherein the silk worm prepares its silk, and, on opening them, I have seen a quantity of this silk within, in which a spider was found wrapped up.

When speaking of birds, I should have mentioned the *black swan* which is found in some parts of the west coast of this country; the extremities of their wings are white, and all the rest of the plumage black. I have seen one which answered the above description as to colour, but the bill was a pale pink, or crimson; it was about the size of a common white swan, and was good meat.

Here we will suppose the traveler to end, though indeed the patience and attention of his hearers must have ended long ago. These stories would be classed with fictions, no less absurd than impudent, and their authors would speedily be consigned to contempt and oblivion. And yet such are almost literally the representations made of the animals of New Holland, by the English governors of the colony in that region, and which are supported by such evidence as the ignorant would probably reject, though the wise and knowing cannot but admit it. Change the word *moka* into *kangaroo*, and the original of the strangest of these pictures is familiar, by hearsay at least, to most readers.

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For the Literary Magazine.

MEMOIRS OF CARWIN THE BILO-
QUIST.

Continued from page 114.

I RETIRED accordingly to my apartment, and spent the prescribed

hour in anxious and irresolute reflections. They were no other than had hitherto occurred, but they occurred with more force than ever. Some fatal obstinacy, however, got possession of me, and I persisted in the resolution of concealing *one thing*. We become fondly attached to objects and pursuits, frequently for no conceivable reason but the pain and trouble they cost us. In proportion to the danger in which they involve us do we cherish them. Our darling potion is the poison that scorches our vitals.

After some time, I went to Ludloe's apartment. I found him solemn, and yet benign, at my entrance. After intimating my compliance with the terms prescribed, which I did, in spite of all my labour for composure, with accents half faltering, he proceeded to put various questions to me, relative to my early history.

I knew there was no other mode of accomplishing the end in view, but by putting all that was related in the form of answers to questions; and when meditating on the character of Ludloe, I experienced excessive uneasiness as to the consummate art and penetration which his questions would manifest. Conscious of a purpose to conceal, my fancy invested my friend with the robe of a judicial inquisitor, all whose questions should aim at extracting the truth, and entrapping the liar.

In this respect, however, I was wholly disappointed. All his inquiries were general and obvious.—They betokened curiosity, but not suspicion; yet there were moments when I saw, or fancied I saw, some dissatisfaction betrayed in his features; and when I arrived at that period of my story which terminated with my departure, as his companion, for Europe, his pauses were, I thought, a little longer and more useful than I liked. At this period, our first conference ended. After a talk, which had commenced at a late hour, and had continued many hours, it was time to sleep,

and it was agreed that next morning the conference should be renewed.

On retiring to my pillow, and reviewing all the circumstances of this interview, my mind was filled with apprehension and disquiet. I seemed to recollect a thousand things, which showed that Ludloe was not fully satisfied with my part in this interview. A strange and nameless mixture of wrath and of pity appeared, on recollection, in the glances which, from time to time, he cast upon me. Some emotion played upon his features, in which, as my fears conceived, there was a tincture of resentment and ferocity. In vain I called my usual sophistries to my aid. In vain I pondered on the inscrutable nature of my peculiar faculty. In vain I endeavoured to persuade myself, that, by telling the truth, instead of entitling myself to Ludloe's approbation, I should only excite his anger, by what he could not but deem an attempt to impose upon his belief an incredible tale of impossible events. I had never heard or read of any instance of this faculty. I supposed the case to be absolutely singular, and I should be no more entitled to credit in proclaiming it, than if I should maintain that a certain billet of wood possessed the faculty of articulate speech. It was now, however, too late to retract. I had been guilty of a solemn and deliberate concealment. I was now in the path in which there was no turning back, and I must go forward.

The return of day's encouraging beams in some degree quieted my nocturnal terrors, and I went, at the appointed hour, to Ludloe's presence. I found him with a much more cheerful aspect than I expected, and began to chide myself, in secret, for the folly of my late apprehensions.

After a little pause, he reminded me, that he was only one among many, engaged in a great and arduous design. As each of us, continued he, is mortal, each of us must, in time, yield his post to another.—

VOL. III. NO. XVIII.

Each of us is ambitious to provide himself a successor, to have his place filled by one selected and instructed by himself. All our personal feelings and affections are by no means intended to be swallowed up by a passion for the general interest; when they can be kept alive and be brought into play, in subordination and subservience to the *great end*, they are cherished as useful, and revered as laudable; and whatever austerity and rigour you may impute to my character, there are few more susceptible of personal regards than I am.

You cannot know, till *you* are what *I* am, what deep, what all-absorbing interest I have in the success of my tutorship on this occasion. Most joyfully would I embrace a thousand deaths, rather than that you should prove a recreant. The consequences of any failure in your integrity will, it is true, be fatal to yourself: but there are some minds, of a generous texture, who are more impatient under ills they have inflicted upon others, than of those they have brought upon themselves; who had rather perish, themselves, in infamy, than bring infamy or death upon a benefactor.

Perhaps of such noble materials is your mind composed. If I had not thought so, you would never have been an object of my regard, and therefore, in the motives that shall impel you to fidelity, sincerity, and perseverance, some regard to my happiness and welfare will, no doubt, have place.

And yet I exact nothing from you on this score. If your own safety be insufficient to controul you, you are not fit for us. There is, indeed, abundant need of all possible inducements to make you faithful. The task of concealing nothing from me must be easy. That of concealing every thing from others must be the only arduous one. The *first* you can hardly fail of performing, when the exigence requires it, for what motive can you possibly have to practice evasion or disguise with me? You have surely committed

no crime ; you have neither robbed, nor murdered, nor betrayed. If you have, there is no room for the fear of punishment or the terror of disgrace to step in, and make you hide your guilt from me. You cannot dread any further disclosure, because I can have no interest in your ruin or your shame : and what evil could ensue the confession of the foulest murder, even before a bench of magistrates, more dreadful than that which will inevitably follow the practice of the least concealment to me, or the least undue disclosure to others ?

You cannot easily conceive the emphatical solemnity with which this was spoken. Had he fixed piercing eyes on me while he spoke ; had I perceived him watching my looks, and labouring to penetrate my secret thoughts, I should doubtless have been ruined : but he fixed his eyes upon the floor, and no gesture or look indicated the smallest suspicion of my conduct. After some pause, he continued, in a more pathetic tone, while his whole frame seemed to partake of his mental agitation.

I am greatly at a loss by what means to impress you with a full conviction of the truth of what I have just said. Endless are the sophistries by which we seduce ourselves into perilous and doubtful paths. What we do not see, we disbelieve, or we heed not. The sword may descend upon our infatuated head from above, but we who are, meanwhile, busily inspecting the ground at our feet, or gazing at the scene around us, are not aware or apprehensive of its irresistible coming. In this case, it must not be seen before it is felt, or before that time comes when the danger of incurring it is over. I cannot withdraw the veil, and disclose to your view the exterminating angel. All must be vacant and blank, and the danger that stands armed with death at your elbow must continue to be totally invisible, till that moment when its vengeance is provoked or unprovokable. I will do my part to

encourage you in good, or intimidate you from evil. I am anxious to set before you all the motives which are fitted to influence your conduct ; but how shall I work on your convictions ?

Here another pause ensued, which I had not courage enough to interrupt. He presently resumed.

Perhaps you recollect a visit which you paid, on Christmas day, in the year —, to the cathedral church at Toledo. Do you remember ?

A moment's reflection recalled to my mind all the incidents of that day. I had good reason to remember them. I felt no small trepidation when Ludloe referred me to that day, for, at the moment, I was doubtful whether there had not been some bivocal agency exerted on that occasion. Luckily, however, it was almost the only similar occasion in which it had been wholly silent.

I answered in the affirmative. I remember them perfectly.

And yet, said Ludloe, with a smile that seemed intended to disarm this declaration of some of its terrors, I suspect your recollection is not as exact as mine, nor, indeed, your knowledge as extensive. You met there, for the first time, a female, whose nominal uncle, but real father, a dean of that ancient church, resided in a blue stone house, the third from the west angle of the square of St. Jago.

All this was exactly true.

This female, continued he, fell in love with you. Her passion made her deaf to all the dictates of modesty and duty, and she gave you sufficient intimations, in subsequent interviews at the same place, of this passion ; which, she being fair and enticing, you were not slow in comprehending and returning. As not only the safety of your intercourse, but even of both your lives, depended on being shielded even from suspicion, the utmost wariness and caution was observed in all your proceedings. Tell me whether you succeeded in your efforts to this end.

I replied, that, at the time, I had no doubt but I had.

And yet, said he, drawing something from his pocket, and putting it into my hand, there is the slip of paper, with the preconcerted emblem inscribed upon it, which the infatuated girl dropped in your sight, one evening, in the left aisle of that church. That paper you imagined you afterwards burnt in your chamber lamp. In pursuance of this token, you deferred your intended visit, and next day the lady was accidentally drowned, in passing a river. Here ended your connexion with her, and with her was buried, as you thought, all memory of this transaction.

I leave you to draw your own inference from this disclosure. Meditate upon it when alone. Recal all the incidents of that drama, and labour to conceive the means by which my sagacity has been able to reach events that took place so far off, and under so deep a covering. If you cannot penetrate these means, learn to reverence my assertions, that I cannot be deceived; and let sincerity be henceforth the rule of your conduct towards me, not merely because it is right, but because concealment is impossible.

We will stop here. There is no haste required of us. Yesterday's discourse will suffice for to-day, and for many days to come. Let what has already taken place be the subject of profound and mature reflection. Review, once more, the incidents of your early life, previous to your introduction to me, and, at our next conference, prepare to supply all those deficiencies occasioned by negligence, forgetfulness, or design on our first. There must be some. There must be many. The whole truth can only be disclosed after numerous and repeated conversations. These must take place at considerable intervals, and when *all* is told, then shall you be ready to encounter the final ordeal, and load yourself with heavy and terrific sanctions.

I shall be the proper judge of the completeness of your confession.—Knowing previously, and by unerring means, your whole history, I shall be able to detect all that is deficient, as well as all that is redundant. Your confessions have hitherto adhered to the truth, but deficient they are, and they must be, for who, at a single trial, can detail the secrets of his life? whose recollection can fully serve him at an instant's notice? who can free himself, by a single effort, from the dominion of fear and shame? We expect no miracles of fortitude and purity from our disciples. It is our discipline, our wariness, our laborious preparation that creates the excellence we have among us. We find it not ready made.

I counsel you to join Mrs. Bennington without delay. You may see me when and as often as you please. When it is proper to renew the present topic, it shall be renewed. Till then we will be silent.—Here Ludloe left me alone, but not to indifference or vacuity. Indeed I was overwhelmed with the reflections that arose from this conversation. So, said I, I am still saved, if I have wisdom enough to use the opportunity, from the consequences of past concealments. By a distinction which I had wholly overlooked, but which could not be missed by the sagacity and equity of Ludloe, I have praise for telling the truth, and an excuse for withholding some of the truth. It was, indeed, a praise to which I was entitled, for I have made no *additions* to the tale of my early adventures. I had no motive to exaggerate or dress out in false colours. What I sought to conceal, I was careful to exclude entirely, that a lame or defective narrative might awaken no suspicions.

The allusion to incidents at Toledo confounded and bewildered all my thoughts. I still held the paper he had given me. So far as memory could be trusted, it was the same which, an hour after I had received

it, I burnt, as I conceived, with my own hands. How Ludloe came into possession of this paper; how he was apprised of incidents, to which only the female mentioned and myself were privy; which she had too good reason to hide from all the world, and which I had taken infinite pains to bury in oblivion, I vainly endeavoured to conjecture.

To be continued.

For the Literary Magazine.

A SPECIMEN OF POLITICAL IMPROVEMENT.

Continued from page 205.

I AM much mistaken if the castle of C—— be not, in many respects, the most extraordinary monument of its kind to be found in Great Britain, and perhaps in Europe. It is true, my acquaintance with buildings of this sort is extremely limited, and the model of this castle may be common in Italy and Germany, but these, the vestiges of which are scattered over the British islands, seem to be constructed on a plan widely different from this. You must indulge me in giving you some description of it, though I am aware no description, in such cases, can be very clear or satisfactory.

This fortress is placed near that end of the peninsula which looks towards the ocean, on an elevated mass of rock, which descends, in a rapid but rugged declivity, on three sides, to the sea-shore. This declivity has been broken, by nature, into rude steps or terraces, over which all passage is nearly impossible, except on foot. A narrow path conducts you from the interior of the district, among sharp points and dangerous chasms, to the summit of the hill. By any other way, the castle may be deemed inaccessible, and, in this way, it cannot be approached by more than two persons abreast.

The summit and sides of this hill comprehend about six hundred acres, and was once a naked and desolate jumble of grey rocks. At present, every rift and hollow, every flat and crevice that could afford room for a tree, is overshadowed by larches or pinasters, planted by sir A——. This change has made the place not less solemn and gloomy than before, but its aspect is no longer quite so dreary and forlorn, and the ground has, by this means, been converted to some profit and advantage. The scite itself of the castle is a level, which, however, has been produced by quarrying out the hill on which it stands, to supply the materials of the towers and walls.

The castle is composed of a central edifice, encompassed by a wall, strengthened at certain intervals by round towers. These towers are fourteen in number, and are similar in form, and in all their dimensions, except their height. Ten of them are of the same height with the wall from which they project. Four of them rise considerably above the wall, and, from their height and station, may be considered as watch-towers.

Besides these mural towers, there are two insulated ones within the enclosure, of form and diameter like the rest, but equal to the watch-towers in height; so that the whole number is sixteen. All the mural towers are placed at the angles formed by the course of the wall, so that there are ten of these angles, all of which are right angles. All these towers would be comprehended within a circle six hundred feet in diameter.

The wall is twenty feet thick, and one hundred and twenty feet in height. The mural towers are of the same height, but forty feet in diameter. The watch-towers and the inner towers are of the same thickness, but rise to the height of one hundred and forty feet. The central edifice, or great tower, or what, on other occasions, might be called the *keef*, is eighty feet in dia-

meter, and one hundred and sixty in height.

These dimensions, though great, are by no means unparalleled: but the peculiarity of this fortress consists in its materials, and the mode in which it is built. The walls, towers, and keep are entirely composed of the freestone before-mentioned, of which the hill itself, on which they are erected, is no more than a vast quarry. This substance has been wrought into blocks, containing from ten to forty cubical feet. —These being made extremely smooth, and the junctures exactly fitting each other, it is evident their connection is sufficiently secured by their own weight. This principle of union, however, has been assisted by so modelling the surfaces of contiguous stones, that the upper one shall be a tenon, and the lower one its mortise. The cohesion has also been occasionally strengthened by cramps and clasps of iron, but every other kind of cement or connective, being unnecessary, has been omitted.

The distinguishing properties of these structures are their regularity, simplicity, and the magnitude of the parts, whence arises the solidity of the whole. The exterior surface of the walls is an exact perpendicular; all the parts are of the same diameter at top and bottom; and the *plane*, exhibited to the eye, is interrupted only by the cavities or projectures, which have been introduced by design. The blocks are so large, and so well fitted to each other, that the lines of juncture are not visible but at a small distance. The intervals between the towers are equal, not only to the eye, but are proved to be so by the exactest mensuration. The walls move from one tower to another in an absolutely straight line; the horizontal outline of the towers are portions (three-fourths) of an exact circle; and the wall which enters them on one side is exactly at right angles with the one which issues from them at the other.

The same exactness prevails in the form and order of the apertures and cavities, and in the shape and distribution of the rooms and passages within the walls and towers. Every room, without exception, is circular, and this circle is exact. Their cieling is all arches, and, as such, are perfectly proportioned. The floors are uniformly level and horizontal, and each range or story preserves its parallel throughout.

In most other cases, all these properties are neglected. These edifices having been constructed in rude times, and when strength was chiefly studied, so far as it could be reconciled with expedition, the only means for obtaining regularity was the measurement of the eye. Stones, irregular in shape, and of unequal size, were taken at random from the neighbourhood, and, instead of being bound together by their own weight, and by the coincidence of smooth surfaces, they were fastened by mortar, and for these stones to fall apart, or be disjoined by the weather, it was only necessary that this cement should crumble away. Exactness or uniformity was seldom preserved in the course, height, or thickness of the walls, or the shape and dimensions of towers or apartments. They do not manifest any previous plan, any effort after symmetry or regularity, and they never totally excluded that grand foe of security, fire: wooden steps and wooden ceilings were always admitted into these erections.

No structure of the kind was ever better calculated for duration than C—— castle. From their magnitude, position, and shape, the stones of which it consists can be raised or overturned by no force but that of gunpowder. That force, applied as it is applied in blowing rocks or springing mines, nothing can resist. Common builders are obliged to husband labour and materials. They nicely calculate the weight which a wall or column will support, and make them of the least thickness or height which these calcula-

tions allow ; but this builder seems to have paid little or no attention to that particular. To save himself the trouble of such calculations, or the danger of calculating wrong, he has given a superfluous solidity to his walls and piers.

The more this vast building is examined, the symmetry and uniformity of its exterior structure, and the artful and commodious distribution of its rooms, passages, and staircases within, the more is our admiration excited. The genius that planned is not more wonderful than the labour and perseverance that accomplished it. Great works of this kind, if not dictated by necessity, are extremely liable to fall through and be abandoned, before they are finished, either by the change of views in their author, or what is still more unavoidable, by his death. He cannot entail his taste, as well as his property, on his children, and the chances are by far greater that the son will take down the stone set up by the father, than put another on the top of it. Alexander not only enjoyed a long life, but his enthusiasm and ambition luckily continued to keep the same channel to the end of it.—There was a good deal of patriarchal simplicity in his own manners, and in those of his people, of whom he was the father, as well as the lord. They were numerous, and but little occupied. War, the principal business in that age, he carefully avoided, and this circumstance enabled him to carry on his work with less interruption. There was nothing to divert his inclination and attention from the task, or to call away the hands it required.

There is one remarkable convenience, for which the castle is indebted more to the accident of situation, than to the wisdom of the contriver. The only supply of water, in such cases, is usually drawn from wells, which are sunk in different parts of the fortress, to the depth, in some cases, of two or three hundred feet. There was no

great difficulty in boring through a rock of a kind like this : but the cumbrous apparatus, and the great labour necessary to draw up this water to the brink of the well, and from thence convey it, as might occasionally be required, to the highest apartments, may be easily imagined.

The Italians, even in the fifteenth century, were well acquainted with the great variety of uses to which water was subservient. Besides its universal use to quench thirst and support life, to fertilize the soil, to supply the place of animal force, in impelling all kinds of machinery, to carry away every kind of personal or domestic impurity, are services all effectually performed by water, when properly managed and conducted ; and one of the earliest objects of the architect's attention was to supply his projected castle with water, for all these purposes, in some way more convenient and more plentiful than by the common method of wells.

There were two obvious means of doing this : by artificially raising some fountain head above the level of these walls and towers, or searching out one which nature had thus raised already. This being effected, he had only to provide a passage, and the water would spontaneously diffuse itself to every corner, and rise to every height not above its original source.

To raise, by an engine, the water of a well to the desired height, was a task too awkward and laborious to be adopted, except when every other expedient should fail. In the present case, the nearest spring, whose situation was higher than the foot of the walls, was more than three miles distant. This, indeed, was a powerful torrent, bursting from a fissure in a rock, which poured out a stream, at all times equally abundant, and which produced not less than a cubic foot of water in a second. This spring was about a hundred feet above the base of the castle ; it would therefore by no

means supply its highest apartments; but as it was the only one so far useful to his purpose, the builder resolved to conduct this stream to a reservoir within the inclosure.

These particulars are taken from a manuscript of Sarchi, preserved among the records of the lordship; but this account does not tell us whether he designed to conduct this water to the destined spot by pipes under ground, or by an aqueduct above it. In either case, it is easy to perceive that this supply would be made exceedingly precarious, by the accidents of time and of war. The enemy would not fail to break up the work, and compel the besieged to rely upon wells. It is not improbable, that Sarchi might have relinquished this project, long before its completion, even had he not been justified in doing so by a discovery made in sinking a well in an angle of the great court. It appears that the workman had not descended forty feet below the surface, hewing out a cylindrical cavity, about four feet in diameter, when he came to water, which rushed in upon him, rose almost instantly to the mouth of the well, and spouted from it with the greatest velocity. It immediately formed a copious and incessant stream, which, winding down the neighbouring precipices, soon lost itself in the sea. It was quickly discovered, that, at the time this torrent burst out, the spring before-mentioned became entirely dry. The volume of water issuing from the well appeared quite equal to that of the spring; the inference therefore was obvious, that there was a communication, by some secret passage, between them, and that, if proper means were provided, the water from the well would spontaneously rise to a level with the spring head. It would not be raised higher, because, if the communication were still open, the water would naturally betake itself to the lowest outlet. By fixing a temporary vertical pipe to the

mouth of this well, the truth of this conjecture was fully ascertained.

This fortunate circumstance seems to have opened new views to the mind of the architect. To lay pipes of wood or metal along the walls of the building would conduct the water wherever he thought proper: but this method was no less expensive than precarious. Wood and metal were liable to injury and decay; they would demand incessant care and reparation; and the exposure of this apparatus to view had an artificial and bungling appearance. What canal, thought he, can be more lasting and firm than the substance of the wall itself? If the water flows through the centre of a cube of marble, one foot or five feet square, it is perfectly secure from any external injury or meddling, short of that which will destroy the wall, and overturn the fabric itself. This stone may be bored, like wood, with an augur, and by the exercise of sufficient forethought and judgment, in modelling and perforating the stones, before they are arranged, and sufficient exactness in adjusting them, a cylindrical canal or duct, an inch in diameter, may be carved *rectilinearly* and *continuously* through a dozen contiguous blocks, with as much ease as through a single block. To give due compactness and solidity to a wall, by means only of the junction and weight of its parts, required mathematical skill and laborious exactness, quite as great as to carry a stream of water through the length of such a wall, so that it should meet with no interruption or diversion, and that no moisture should escape or exhale, but at the mouths provided for it, in the quantity and at the time required. As the builder thought himself equal to the first exploit, he conceived himself, of course, not unequal to the second.

The stretch and application of mind required in the perfect execution of such a plan may be easily imagined. To convey and distri-

neither human use nor human negligence would have destroyed, or even impaired, for ages to come. The real opulence and population of the district, and consequently its real strength, would have been greatly and permanently promoted. Had the same number, so long busied upon this gigantic though useless edifice, been employed in constructing humbler dwellings, of the same materials, the whole population might have been comfortably and conveniently lodged. Had they been employed in draining, inclosing, and manuring the ground, the soil would have produced fifty times more food than it used to do, and would, of consequence, have maintained fifty times more people.

These objections are undoubtedly just; but, when we fully consider the matter, we shall, perhaps, be inclined to acquit the lord of C— of much blame. The employment of power and riches, in the manner they were employed by the present possessor, was morally impossible in a Scottish chieftain of the fifteenth century. Neither education nor example had opened his eyes to his true interest, and that of his people; and however eager he might be to attain that object, he was totally ignorant of the way that led to it. On the contrary, he seems to have displayed a genius far superior to that of his contemporaries. Besides the merit of a wise and impartial judge in all the litigations that occurred among his people, he was exempt from the spirit of revenge, and the rage for war, then so generally prevalent among the nobility of all Europe. He erected this castle for the defence of his people from invasion and foreign oppression, and he pursued this end by means which formerly, as well as at present, have been thought the best, and on which the governments of the most enlightened nations, of the present age, have expended immense labour and treasure, with far less judgment and efficacy. Reflect a moment on the money and lives which have been

thrown away upon the construction and defence of Louisburg by the French, of Havannah by the Spaniards, and of Gibraltar by the English, within the last hundred years. These walls answer the end designed by them, in an eminent degree. The art of man could not devise any thing more capable of resisting external force. The heaviest battery might play for weeks, without effect, on their sides.— Bombs could not lodge a moment on the slanting or convex roofs, and the pavement is the solid rock. The hardening influence of the air extends gradually deeper and deeper into this species of stone, and miners would find it a most arduous task to penetrate beyond the surface. This stone itself does not extend a hundred feet beyond the foot of the wall, and all the works of an assailant, at a much greater distance, are overlooked and entirely commanded by those stationed on the top of it. It is certain, that almost any other chief would not have employed his people better; he would have spent his revenue at a distance, and reduced them every day to greater poverty, or involved them in destructive conflicts with their neighbours, or, at best, have left them in the idle, unprofitable state in which he found them. As it is, a durable monument has been produced, which may occasionally be found extremely serviceable to the end intended by it, while, at the same time, and in the intervals of peace and tranquillity, some advantages of a different kind may be derived from it.

More than two hundred and fifty years had elapsed between the completion of this building and the succession of sir A—. During that period, this lordship had many successive masters, whose characters and habits were extremely various. Some of them were active in the affairs and revolutions of the nation in general, and the fortunes of the clan were, of course, affected by those of their lords. This impregnable fortress sometimes lessened

or shortened, but oftener aggravated and protracted, the evils produced by the wars and factions of the times. It has occasionally been assailed, and sometimes been surrendered by treachery and famine, but no permanent impression has been made upon its walls, nor any material alteration taken place in its plan. It has more than once run an imminent risk of being demolished by gunpowder, and but for some slight accident, or momentary caprice, this elaborate structure, which, if left to itself, would survive a dozen centuries, without the loss of a moulding, the hasty or envious rage of a military leader would have levelled with the ground in a few weeks. The history of its escapes would be an instructive comment on the destiny of most buildings of this kind.

There was one purpose, however, for which it was by far too convenient. One of its inner towers was originally designed as a prison, and was constructed, not so much with a view of excluding those that were without, as to detain those that were already within. Such a building was necessary to a fortress, in war time, but it could not fail to have its use as a prison extended at all times beyond its own walls, and the chief of the estate, or his deputy, being master of the castle, this tower was a ready engine of punishment. Donald, the last factor or steward, took care that it should seldom be empty. Indeed the history of this castle is far more remarkable as a prison than in any other light, and, in this light, its erection must be numbered among the most disastrous events in the history of C—. The power of the chiefs, which has been rendered by circumstances more absolute than that of any monarch, would of course display itself, on some occasions, in immuring its victims within these inaccessible walls. Not only a breach of law, but an opposition of interests or inclinations, laid an obnoxious tenant at his mercy. Not only his subject tenants, but even his own family, a wife or

child, were liable to the same fate. It was even sometimes subservient to the interests or cruelty of persons at a distance, and one very memorable instance occurred, in what we may call the *reign* of Donald, which only wants the embellishment of circumstances, to make one of the most mournful that has ever been recorded.

A lady, nearly connected with the C— family, brought a large fortune to her husband; but that husband was a selfish and tyrannical wretch; and after driving her to the desperate resolution of seeking a divorce, he prevented the execution of her design, by having her secretly conveyed to C—, and put into the power of Donald, whose concurrence had been purchased by a large sum. She was immured in this prison, with no attendant but a beldame who could not speak her language, and died a very few months before the arrival of sir A—, after a miserable exile of eleven years. What aggravates the horror of the story, is the reflection that she was married, against her will, to a man recommended only by his birth and specious qualities, and who sought only her fortune. Donald's bribe was taken out of this fortune, while the husband continued to enjoy the rest.

Great pains were taken, by Donald and the husband, to bury in oblivion all traces of this event; but the diligence and penetration of sir A— brought them to light, and such measures were taken as to load the guilty with all the punishment which the laws would inflict.

On sir A—'s arrival, an exact survey was made of this castle. All its vaults and passages were thoroughly explored, and the use to which it might be applied became a subject of much deliberation.

The establishment of law and order through the nation, and the union of the three kingdoms of England, Ireland, and Scotland, took away, in a great measure, the use of this castle as a fortress. The nature of the coast, and the defences

raised at the mouth of the harbour, almost the only accessible or vulnerable point in the whole circuit of the lordship, contributed still more to render its aid superfluous. It was still possible, however, that the shelter of its walls might one day become necessary, and with a view to such a possible emergency, it deserved to be valued and cherished. Meanwhile, there were certain temporary or immediate benefits, which it might be calculated to afford.

Some place of detention and confinement, for accused or guilty persons, was still absolutely necessary; but the number of such persons was greatly diminished, not only by the diligence exerted to prevent crimes, by annihilating poverty and temptation, and by a strict police, but likewise by banishing guilty, and even suspected or questionable persons, from the lordship. Notwithstanding this, however, there was occasionally a necessity for continuing the use of the castle, or rather of one of its towers, as a prison. But this prison was no longer the receptacle of the victims of injustice. Its unfortunate tenants were no longer subjected to the caprices of ignorance and obduracy, in the form of a jailor. Their gloomy cells were no longer the seats of filth and indolence. It was subjected to a mild superintendence, and salutary discipline. Care was taken that a state of accusation should not be a state of punishment, and that punishment should be no more than a process for supplanting knavish, dissolute, and idle habits, by honest, abstemious, and laborious ones.

The power of imprisoning had always been exercised by the lords, not only over real or imagined culprits, but likewise over such as could not or would not pay their debts. On this account, the inhabitants were in the power, not only of the lord, but of each other, it being optional with every creditor to take the goods, or imprison the person of the debtor. As every process for debt was conducted before the lord or his deputy, and he had irresistible

means in his hands of influencing the conduct of the suitor, without a formal abrogation of any usage or law, no debtor was thenceforth liable to be imprisoned, unless on account of some fraud or iniquity, quite distinct from the mere naked circumstance of owing money.

The history of this prison, which has been amply compiled by sir A——'s direction, exhibits a truly horrible picture of human depravity and misery. From age to age it was filled with real or imaginary criminals, who were subjected to all the evils of a listless indolence, a noisome atmosphere, and a hard-hearted and despotic keeper. Neglect could not but make it the seat of darkness, moisture, cold, and filth. Food, dress, water, firing, bedding were all provided in the worst fashion, and the genius of man could not have devised more successful means of generating despair and ferocity, pestilence and death.

This, it is true, is the picture of almost every prison in Europe.—They only want a historian, to produce a catalogue of ills as long and as shocking as this prison has furnished. But when we view the state of things at present within these dreary walls, the mind is lost in astonishment at a change, at once so total, so thorough, and yet, as it seems, so easily effected. Now it is the abode of order, peace, industry, and happiness. It has a striking resemblance to a convent, the chief points of whose discipline are *cleanliness* and *quiet*. This prison was always what the sovereign will of the lord determined to make it.—Whatever took place within its bounds, was the absolute result of either his direction or his negligence. Its present condition betrays, in like manner, the uncontrollable authority of the present ruler. He has expressly prescribed the whole system of management, and his admirable wisdom and unslackened energy have fully provided for the good of its tenants, and carried these provisions into full effect.

The keep, or great central tower,

was a building containing a great many spacious apartments. The proportions of these rooms were not deficient in beauty or grandeur, and a very large family could be conveniently accommodated in them. For a century after the death of its founder, it was the customary residence of the lords of C—, and had been deserted for a modern mansion, nearer the centre of the estate, more through caprice than necessity. During that period, it had been furnished and embellished in the prevailing style of the times, but neglect and the weather had reduced it to a state of nakedness. For many years previous to sir A—'s succession, no domestic use was made of it. The glass in the windows was gone. The wooden doors had vanished. Through these apertures the wind and rain found an unobstructed passage. Particles of dust, wafted by the gales from afar, lodged and insensibly accumulated in ledges and angles. Some of the subterranean apartments were pools of water. Minute and vagrant seeds of creeping plants insensibly made good their footing in the chinks and corners. Owls, and reptiles, and foxes, found a safe harbour in the darksome passages.—Superstition lent its aid still more to estrange the steps of man. Tradition supplied a thousand incidents wherewith to build up the story of an apparition, and nobody would trust themselves within the door, for any reward.

This edifice, as I mentioned before, was so constructed that time and the weather could have no effect but upon the surface. The stones could not be removed from their places. Water might insinuate itself sometimes between them, but their coherence could not be affected by that circumstance. Nothing but the wooden parts and the iron which chanced to be exposed to the air had decayed; nay almost every vestige of these had disappeared.

The same description will apply to the apartments and passages in the walls, as well as to those of a

second inner tower, which corresponded in situation, height, and size with the prison. This building was originally designed as a kind of monastery. It was occupied by religious persons, whose mode of life was monastic or collegiate. They seem to have been appointed to officiate in all the clerical and studious functions pertaining to the fortress, and to have formed a separate community. It was in the same desolate condition with the keep.

Sir A— was no stranger to those emotions which give sanctity or solemnity to scenes of past transactions. In the towers and apartments of this castle, he beheld the principal abode of the ancestors of his house, for more than seven centuries. Every door and window was connected with the lively recollection of numberless incidents; some joyous, and some mournful, but all, in some degree, involving or affecting the destiny of those from whose loins he sprung. In the vaults below the monk's tower lay, hearsed in marble, their reliques. He determined, therefore, not to forsake it, but to restore it to a habitable state. To effect this, little more was necessary than to supply the doorways with doors, and the windows with glass; to dislodge the owls and bats, the snakes and spiders; to cleanse every nook and corner, and to place in it canopies and bed-steads, tables and seats.

It is true, the mansion was, in some respects, gloomy. The jambs of the windows are ten feet in depth, but the gloom is not too great for convenience. None of the apartments exceed twenty or twenty-five feet in breadth, except one, which is forty feet wide, but their form and proportions are magnificent and beautiful. The artist seems to have studied the most consummate simplicity in embellishing and finishing his work, which has been productive of one advantage: that future proprietors have enjoyed the privilege of superinducing any ornaments they pleased. The great depth and solidity of the walls allow of former

sculptures to be erased, and their place supplied anew. Both these capacities were found extremely useful by sir A——, who had much more occasion for the chisel, in clearing away the rude sculptures of the sixteenth century, than in adorning the original simplicity of the design. This simplicity, indeed, might, in some cases, rather deserve the name of nakedness.

The gothic style, as it is called, was in some degree adopted by Sarchi in constructing the abbey, and the Tuscan in building the castle. In both cases, he adhered to much greater simplicity, and exercised much greater freedom than is any where else to be found. The chief characteristic in both was the form given to rooms, and especially to the upper part of rooms, passages, and apertures. In the abbey, the shape of the rooms presented only polygonal figures of three or more sides, and the upper part or ceiling continually affected an arch composed of several successive segments of a circle. In the castle, every room was purely cylindrical, always terminating above in a spherical concave. The arch, in all cases, was a single curve. Almost all his *surfaces* were *plane* ones. To mark, externally, the division of the stories, and blunt the sharpness and abruptness of the angles formed by the upward and downward terminations of the walls, both outer and inner, he admitted, though sparingly, those curvilinear and rectilinear members, on the relative dimensions and position of which the ornamental part of architecture depends. The form of every tower, like that of every apartment, was cylindrical, its smooth surface being chiefly diversified by oblong openings, for doors and windows, square at bottom, but arched at top. On the sweeping curves, either convex or concave, formed by this figure, and the symmetrical variety produced by cavities and apertures, placed with due and exact order, together with the graceful bend of vaults and arches, the architect almost wholly depended for making

agreeable impressions on the eye. Sir A—— was fully sensible of the simple grandeur and genuine beauty flowing from these principles, and most of the labour employed in his improvements was designed to renovate the original plan, by chiseling away all the injudicious or fantastic mouldings and emblems produced by his predecessors.

In his choice of furniture and ornaments, he was guided by the value which things derive, not from the rarity or costliness of the materials, but from the convenience or grace of the form, and from the delicacy and perfection of the workmanship. He was profuse of nothing but glass and marble. The finest of these substances, in colour and texture, abounded; the first in windows, mirrors, and lustres, and the second in cornices, pannels, and tablets, in mosaics and relievos.— Every improvement in mechanism, and every contrivance for conveying water and heat; every instrument of rational enjoyment, wholesome luxury, culinary order, and domestic convenience, were adopted by sir A——, in this and in all his buildings.

In this plan of renovation and improvement, the monk's tower was included, as well as the mural towers, and all the apartments and communications in the wall itself. The monk's tower was fitted up for the residence of learned men, to whose care was consigned all the registers and records of the estate and the family, which had been spared by the malice or neglect of his predecessors. Every written document, and every monument and relique, ancient or recent, connected with the history and political state of the lordship, was deposited in this treasury. From several peculiar causes, these monuments were very numerous; and the task of arranging and digesting them required, for a long time, the care of more than one person.

In the researches instituted by sir A——, into the former history and actual condition of the lordship, he

was influenced not merely by the necessity of knowing the size and extent of the evil before it could be remedied, but by a liberal curiosity. A kind of passion for this object of his thoughts and cares acquired daily new fervour, and he overlooked nothing, how remote, obscure, or inconsiderable soever, which bore any relation to the lordship. Every department, and every period of its history, both natural and civil, was minutely and laboriously investigated, by learned and skilful persons, whose devotion to this service he repaid by placing them, for their lives, in affluence and ease. This tower, supplied with every thing that could make it a quiet and luxurious abode, was allotted to those who employed their whole attention on the civil and economical state of the district, previous to sir A——'s possession of it.

This tower contained three apartments, twenty feet in diameter, and thirty in height, and twelve other rooms, half the diameter and height of the former, besides numerous closets, passages, and staircases. By this you may judge of the extent of accommodation in the *keep*, which is a tower twenty feet higher, and double the diameter of that just described.

The substance of the walls and mural towers is, for obvious reasons, a more entire solid than that of the towers within the inclosure. The rooms in the latter are smaller, and the apertures by which light and air are admitted more narrow. They were therefore less suitable for human habitation, and were indeed originally designed for little else than for stairs and store-rooms. The mural apartments, especially in the upper stories, being lighted from within the court, were more spacious and luminous than the rest.

In time of war and danger, all these rooms and avenues were no more than sufficient to accomodate the persons, and store the luggage and provisions, which would be obliged to take shelter in them; but in time of peace, they could only be

fully occupied, it seemed, in consequence of some trade or business, which might make a large and permanent concourse of people necessary or convenient. No good cause for drawing people together on a sudden, in such a situation, occurred to sir A——. He therefore, after shutting up these rooms with windows and doors, left the peopling of them to depend on circumstances as they chanced to arise.

For the Literary Magazine.

CRITICAL REMARKS ON BUCHAN'S
ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Advice to Mothers, on the subject of their own health, and on the means of promoting the health, strength, and beauty of their offspring. By William Buchan, M. D., fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, and author of "Domestic Medicine." Philadelphia: Bioten. 1804.

THIS performance is one of the most useful and agreeable that could have been transplanted to our soil. The author is an old man, but he writes in an entertaining and persuasive, and even in an elegant manner. The work is entirely free from technical obscurity, or scientific method. It is written to instruct, and, for that purpose, endeavours to engage the attention of that sex, whose interests he takes into his care.

The following passages should be gotten by heart by every young woman. She must be strangely stupid or callous, who can read them without conviction, and fervent resolutions, at least, to comply with the instructions of this eloquent monitor.

"The desire of preserving and improving personal beauty, which discovers itself, at an early period, in the female breast, is wisely designed by nature for the best and most important ends: it is a powerful check on excesses of every kind,

and is the strongest incitement to cleanliness, temperance, moderate exercise, and habitual good-humour. All that is necessary is to convince young people that these are the true means of rendering them lovely, because they are the only means of securing the enjoyment of health, the very essence of beauty ; instead of sourly discouraging so natural a wish, let us point out the way to its full accomplishment, and thus prevent many amiable women from taking a wrong road, and from destroying both health and beauty by an absurd pursuit of the latter alone.

“ One of the first truths to be impressed upon the minds of young women is, that beauty cannot exist without health, and that the one is absolutely unattainable by any practices inconsistent with the other. In vain do they hope to improve their skin, or to give a lively redness to their cheek, unless they take care to keep the blood pure, and the whole frame active and vigorous. Beauty, both of shape and countenance, is nothing more than visible health ; the outward mirror of the state of things within ; the certain effect of good air, cheerfulness, temperance, and exercise.

“ There is nothing, perhaps, so pernicious to women as the use of creams, and pastes, and powders, and lotions, and numberless other contrivances to bleach the skin, or to produce an artificial white and red. All of them act with double injury, not only in destroying the surface which they were expected to beautify, but in poisoning the habit, and causing a fatal neglect of the great preservatives of life itself. A blotch or a pimple, however offensive to the eye, gives timely notice of the impure state of the fluids, and of the kind efforts of nature to expel the noxious matter. Ought not these efforts then to be assisted by a judicious plan of diet and regimen, instead of throwing back the impurity into the blood, and converting the very means of health into the seeds of infection and disease ? Besides, lead or mercury is

the chief ingredient in all those boasted cosmetics, and, being absorbed through the skin, cannot fail to occasion cramps, spasms, convulsions, colics, and the incurable train of nervous and consumptive complaints.

“ Beauty is impaired, and health too often destroyed, by other absurd practices, such as drinking vinegar, to produce what is called a genteel or slender form, and avoiding exposure to the open air, for fear of its injuring the fancied delicacy of a fine skin. Vinegar, used as sauce, and in moderate quantities, serves to correct the putrescent tendency of various articles of food, and is equally agreeable and wholesome ; but when swallowed in draughts, for the purpose of reducing plumpness, it proves highly injurious, causing excessive perspiration, relaxing the bowels, imparting no small degree of acrimony to the blood, and very much enfeebling the whole system. The dread of open air is still more ridiculous and detrimental. Look at the healthy texture of the milkmaid's skin, and at the roses ever blooming on her cheek, and then consider whether the open air can be unfavourable to beauty. The votaries of fashion may affect to despise these natural charms, and to call them vulgar : the heart of man feels their irresistible attraction, and his understanding confirms him in so just a preference. Surely the languid sickly delicacy, produced by confinement, cannot be compared to the animated glow of a face often fanned by the refreshing breeze !

“ The woman, therefore, who feels a laudable wish to look well, and to be so in reality, must place no confidence in the silly doctrines or the deceitful arts of fashion. She must consult nature and reason, and seek for beauty in the temple of health ; if she looks for it elsewhere she will experience the most mortifying disappointment ; her charms will fade ; her constitution will be ruined ; her husband's love will vanish with her shadowy attractions ;

and her nuptial bed will be unfruitful, or cursed with a puny race, the hapless victims of a mother's imprudence. She cannot transmit to her children what she does not herself possess; weakness and disease are entailed upon her posterity; and, even in the midst of wedded joys, the hopes of a healthy and vigorous issue are blasted for ever.

"The only way to prevent such evils is to pay a due regard to those rational means of promoting health, which I have already hinted at; temperance, exercise, open air, cleanliness, and good-humour. These subjects are pretty fully discussed in my "Domestic Medicine;" yet a few remarks may be proper on the present occasion.

"In laying down rules of temperance, I do not wish to impose any restraint on the moderate use of good and wholesome food or drink: but under these heads we must not include spirituous liquors; relaxing and often-repeated draughts of hot tea and coffee; salted, smoke-dried, and highly seasoned meats; salt fish; rich gravies; heavy sauces; almost indigestible pastry; and sour, unripe fruits, of which women in general are immoderately fond. We pity the green-sick girl, whose longing for such trash is one of the causes as well as one of the effects of her disease; but can any woman, capable of the least reflection, continue to gratify a perverse appetite by the use of the most pernicious crudities? Fruit, in the season of its maturity, is no less salutary than delicious. By plucking and eating it before it is ripe, you defeat the benignant purposes of nature, and will severely feel her resentment. The morning is the best time to eat fruit, when the stomach is not loaded with other aliment. Even in the evening I had rather see it introduced than the enervating luxuries of the tea-table, or the still worse preparations for a supper of animal food. A meal of this sort should not be made twice in one day. After a hearty dinner, a long interval is necessary before nature can require, or

even bear, without injury, another substantial repast. Suppers are doubly prejudicial on account of the lateness of the hour, and the danger of going to bed with a full stomach. Apoplexies are often occasioned by such inconsiderate and unseasonable indulgence, but its certain effects are restless nights, frightful dreams, broken and unrefreshing slumbers, an incapacity of early rising next morning, head-achs, paleness of aspect, and general relaxation. Whoever sets any value on health or beauty, will always make very light repasts at night, and will go to bed early; that is to say, never later than ten or eleven o'clock, in order to enjoy sweet repose, and to rise betimes, with renovated strength and alacrity, to the pleasures and duties of the ensuing day.

"Pure air and moderate exercise are not of less importance than food and drink. Women are much confined by their domestic employments and sedentary pursuits: for this very reason they ought to go out frequently, and take exercise in the open air; not in a close carriage, but on foot or on horseback. When prevented by the weather from going abroad, dancing, provided it be not continued to fatigue, is the most cheerful and healthy amusement within doors. The only sedentary diversions proper for women are playing on some musical instrument, singing, and reading aloud delightful pieces of poetry or eloquence. Young ladies and mothers should wholly resign the card-table to old maids, who can only injure their own health, and who have no taste for any other mode of social intercourse.

"It may seem a little strange that I should think it in any sort necessary to recommend cleanliness to the fair sex: I am far from intending to convey the most distant insinuation of their negligence in this respect; I only wish to heighten their ideas of its utility, and to point out farther methods of increasing its benefits. They are rather too sparing of water, from an apprehension of

its injuring the skin, or giving it a disagreeable roughness. This is a great mistake. Pure water may be truly considered as a fountain of health, and its frequent use is the best means of improving the skin, and strengthening the whole frame. The offices performed by the skin are of greater importance than most people imagine. It is not merely a covering or shield to guard the fine organs of feeling from irritation or external injury, but one of the grand outlets admirably contrived by nature for expelling the noxious and superfluous humours of the body. The perspirable matter thus thrown out will of itself clog the pores, and relax the skin, unless care is taken to promote its easy escape, by keeping the entire surface of the body perfectly clean, well-braced, and elastic, which can only be done by frequent washing, and instantly wiping the parts dry. Those who have not a bath to plunge into, should wash the face, neck, hands, and feet, every morning and night; and experience will soon convince them, that the more they accustom themselves even to this partial application of clean water, the more comfortable and enlivening they will find it. If misguided tenderness has produced an extreme delicacy of habit as well as of skin, it will be proper to use lukewarm water for some time; and then gradually to diminish its temperature, till cold water can be employed, not only with safety, but with benefit. As a preservative of health, it is far more bracing and more invigorating than warm water, though the latter may be often advisable in cases of particular infirmity, indisposition, or disease.

"All women of delicacy and good sense are sufficiently attentive to remove any outward soil or visible dirt from their person; but they do not all know, that a vapour, too fine to be perceived by the eye, is constantly issuing from the pores, the little orifices or mouths of which must therefore be kept clean and unobstructed. For the same rea-

son, the linen and interior articles of dress should be often changed, as they become impregnated with the perspirable matter, and, when foul, would not only prevent the escape of any more, but would even have a part of what they had received re-absorbed by the skin, and thrown back into the system. The whole dress also should be loose, and as light as may be found consistent with due warmth, so as not to increase perspiration too much by its heaviness, nor to check either that or the free circulation of the blood by its pressure.

"Among many improvements in the modern fashions of female dress, equally favourable to health, to graceful ease and elegance, the discontinuance of stays is entitled to peculiar approbation. It is, indeed, impossible to think of the old straight waistcoat of whalebone, and of tight lacing, without astonishment and some degree of horror. We are surprised and shocked at the folly and perverseness of employing, as an article of dress, and even as a personal ornament, what must have checked youthful growth; what must have produced distortions and deformity; besides, occasioning various irregularities and diseases. I need not point out the aggravated mischief of such a pressure on the breast and womb in a state of pregnancy; but I must notice a defect very prevalent among young women of the present day in London, who, though they have not worn stays, may be fairly presumed to inherit, from their mothers, some of the pernicious effects of such a custom.

"The injury to which I allude, is the want of nipples. This unnatural defect, seems to have originated from the use of laced stays; and as children so often resemble their parents in outward form, it is not improbable that the daughter may bear this mark of a mother's imprudence, and may even transmit it to her own female children. Where stays have never been used, the want of a nipple is as extraordinary

as the want of a limb ; and no mother is found thus disqualified from discharging one of her most sacred duties. *But in London the instances are too frequent to be ascribed to accident, and cannot, perhaps, be accounted for more satisfactorily, than in the manner here suggested.*

" Among the means of promoting health and beauty, cheerfulness or good-humour is certainly not the least in point of efficacy. It has the happiest influence on the body and mind ; it gives a salutary impulse to the blood, keeps all the vital organs in easy and agreeable play, renders the outward deportment highly pleasing, while the perpetual sunshine within spreads a fascinating loveliness over the countenance. Peevishness or ill-humour embitters life, saps the constitution, and is more fatal to beauty than the small-pox, because its ravages are more certain, more disgusting, and more permanent."

The directions given to mothers and nurses, in this work, carry with them the stamp of good sense. They seem, to an unlearned capacity, in themselves so reasonable, that they gain at once implicit credit. They are clear and intelligible, and accomplish the end of enlightening the fair reader, without awakening chimerical terrors, and suggesting extravagant inferences. The venerable writer appears to draw his illustrations from his own experience, and some of them are extremely curious and instructive.—The following is a specimen :

" As strong examples often make some impression where other modes of reasoning fail, I shall here beg leave to introduce the history of a young gentleman, whom I attended at a very early period of my practice, and who fell a victim to the excessive fondness of an indulgent mother. With every wish to promote her son's health and happiness, she was, as far as respected intention, the *innocent* but absolute cause of totally destroying both. She brought on relaxation and debility by her misguided endeavours to

avert pain ; and while she hoped to prolong the life of an only son, the means which she made use of, for that purpose, not only abridged its duration, but precluded his power of enjoying it. Though he was buried at the age of twenty-one, he might be said to have died in his cradle ; for life has been well defined, not to consist in merely breathing, but in making a proper use of our organs, our senses, our faculties, and of all those parts of the human frame which contribute to the consciousness of our existence. That he never attained to this state of being, will fully appear from the following narrative :

" Edward Watkinson was the only son of a country clergyman, of amiable manners and sound learning, but of a recluse turn of mind. The mother was the daughter of a London tradesman, and had been educated with extreme delicacy. She naturally pursued the same line of conduct towards her own child ; and her fond husband was too much under the influence of the like fatal weakness. Many a child is spoiled by the indulgence of one parent : in the case now before us, both concurred to produce that enervating effect.

" For some time after his birth, master Neddy was reckoned a promising boy. When I first saw him, he was about eighteen years of age ; but, to judge by his look, one would have supposed him to have been at least eighty. His face was long, pale, and deeply furrowed with wrinkles ; his eyes were sunk in their sockets ; his teeth quite decayed ; his nose and chin almost touched each other ; his breast narrow and prominent ; his body twisted ; his legs like spindles ; his hands and fingers approaching nearly to the form of bird's claws ; in short, his whole figure exhibited the truly pitiable appearance of a very old man, sinking under the weight of years and infirmities into the grave.

" It was at Midsummer I paid my first visit. I then found him wrap-

ped up in clothing sufficient for the rigours of a Lapland winter, and so closely muffled that one could hardly see the tip of his nose. He wore several pair of stockings; his gloves were double, and reached his elbows; and, to complete the absurdity of his dress, he was tightly laced in stays. Though armed in this manner at all points, he seldom peeped out of doors except in the dog-days, and then ventured no farther than the church, which was only forty paces from his father's house. I believe this was the most distant excursion he ever made; and the extraordinary attempt was always accompanied with peculiar care, and many additional preservatives from cold.

"The eye of his parents might be truly said to watch over him, not only by day, but by night also, as he slept in the same bed with them, having never been permitted to lie alone, lest he should throw the clothes off, or feel the want of any immediate assistance. It did not once occur to his father or mother, that all the inconveniences which they so much dreaded, could not be half so injurious as the relaxing atmosphere of a warm bed, surrounded by close curtains, and impregnated with the noxious effluvia from their lungs and bodies.

"His food and drink were of the weakest quality, always administered warm, and by weight and measure. When I recommended a more nourishing diet, and a little generous wine, I was told that the strongest thing master Neddy had ever taken was *chicken water*, and that they durst not venture on wine or animal food for fear of a fever. Thus was the poor lad reduced almost to a skeleton, through the silly apprehension of a disease, of which he was not susceptible. Nature was in him too weak to spread a hectic flush, even for a moment, over his countenance; which had acquired the colour of a parboiled chicken. All his vital powers were languid; and even his speech resembled the

squeaking of a bird, more than the voice of a man.

"When I spoke of exercise, I was told he took a walk every fine day in the hall, and that was deemed sufficient for one of his delicate constitution. I mentioned a horse; the mother was frightened at the very name of so dangerous an animal. On telling her, that I owed the firmness and vigour of my own constitution to riding every day, she began to think there might be something specific in it; and she therefore consented to the purchase of a little horse. But tame as the creature was, it did not quiet the mother's alarms. Master Neddy, though placed upon the poney's back, was not entrusted with the reins. These were given in charge to a maid-servant, who led the horse round the orchard, while the cautious rider fastened both hands on the pommel of the saddle; and the father walking on one side, and the mother on the other, held him fast by the legs, lest he might be brought to the ground by any sudden start of his high-mettled racer. This exhibition was too ridiculous not to excite the laughter of the neighbours, which soon put an end to master Neddy's equestrian exercise.

"The timidity of a youth thus brought up is more easily conceived than described. Fearful of every thing, he would run from the most inoffensive animal, as if he had been pursued by a lion or a tiger. His weakness in this respect being known to the village boys, it was a common practice with them, whenever they saw him peeping through his father's gate, to frighten him into the house, by calling the pigs to bite him. This sportive alarm had the same effect as the sudden rush of a mad bullock.

"With such excessive weakness both of mind and body, master Neddy had some good points about him. His parents represented him as a perfect model of morality; and I had no right to doubt the truth of

their representation, though I did not give him quite so much credit on that score, because he did not possess sufficient force of constitution to be capable of any kind of vice. But I viewed, with mixed emotions of admiration and pity, some proofs of learning and abilities which he left behind him. I was the more surprised, as the incessant care bestowed on his person seemed to leave very little time for any mental acquirements.

"Improper food, tight or oppressive clothing, and want of fresh air and exercise, have, in their turn, proved destructive to thousands. This young man fell a victim to them all; and it would have been a miracle indeed had he survived their combined influence. He died without a groan, or any mark of disease, except premature old age,

the machine being fairly worn out, before he completed his twenty-first year. His death proved fatal to both his parents, whose lives were closely *bound up in that of the lad.*

"The father had perceived his own error, but not before it was too late. He sent for me, and begged I would endeavour to save his son. The youth, alas! was far beyond the reach of my most zealous efforts: I could only witness the certainty of his fate. Medicine was of as little use to him, as consolation to his afflicted parents. The bitterness of their grief was increased by self-reproach; and friendship exerted her soothing voice in vain."

On the whole, this work is one of the most valuable presents that can be made to any woman, who has sense enough to profit by the instructions it affords.

POETRY.

A HERMIT'S MEDITATION.

IN lonesome cave
Of noise and interruption void,
His thoughtful solitude
A hermit thus enjoy'd:

His choicest book
The remnant of a human head
The volume was, whence he
This solemn lecture read.

"Whoe'er thou wert,
Partner of my retirement now,
My nearest intimate,
My best companion thou!

On thee to muse
The busy living world I left;
Of converse all but thine,
And silent that, bereft.

Wert thou the rich,
The idol of a gazing crowd?
Wert thou the great,
To whom obsequious thousands
bow'd?

Was learning's store
E'er treasur'd up within this shell?
Did wisdom e'er within
This empty hollow dwell?

Did youthful charms
E'er redden on this ghastful face?
Did beauty's bloom these cheeks,
This forehead ever grace?

If on this brow
E'er sat the scornful, haughty frown,
Deceitful pride! where now
Is that disdain?—'tis gone.

If cheerful mirth
A gayness o'er this baldness cast,
Delusive, fleeting joy!
Where is it now?—'tis past.

To deck this scalp
If tedious long-liv'd hours it cost,
Vain fruitless toil! where's now
That labour seen?—'tis lost.

But painful sweat,
The dear-earn'd price of daily bread,

Was all, perhaps, that thee
With hungry sorrows fed.

Perhaps but tears,
Surest relief of heart-sick woe,
Thine only drink, from down
These sockets us'd to flow.

Oppress'd perhaps
With aches and aged cares,
Down to the grave thou brought'st
A few, and hoary, hairs;

'Tis all perhaps!
No marks, no token can I trace
What, on this stage of life
Thy rank or station was.

Nameless, unknown,
Of all distinction stript and bare,
In nakedness conceal'd,
Oh! who shall thee declare?

Nameless, unknown!
Yet fit companion thou for me,
Who hear no human voice,
No human visage see.

From me, from thee,
The glories of the world are gone;
Nor yet have either lost
What we could call our own.

What we are now,
The great, the wise, the fair, the brave
Shall all hereafter be—
All hermits in the grave."

TO SPRING.

By Cupid.

TEEMING with Nature's living fires,
I bid thee welcome, genial Spring,

While Fancy wakes her thousand lyres,
And woods and vales responsive ring.

She comes—lo! Winter scowls away;
Harmonious forms start forth to view;
Nymphs, tripping light in circles gay,
Deck'd in their robes of virgin hue.

Then I, on am'rous sportings bent,
Like a sly archer take my stand;
Wide thro' the world my shafts are sent,
And ev'ry creature owns my hand.

First man, the lord of all below,
A captive sinks beneath my dart;
And lovely woman, fram'd to glow,
Yields the dominion of her heart!

Thro' sea, and earth, and boundless sky,
The fond subjection all must prove,
Whether they swim the stream, or fly,
Or mountain, vale, or forest rove.

Nor less the garden's sweet domain,
The mossy heath, and verdant mead,
The tow'ring hill, the level plain,
And fields, with blooming life o'er-
spread.

AD ELIZABETHAM SEMPER UNAM

UNA quod es semper, quod semper es
optima Conjux
Quam bene conveniunt hæc duo verba
tibi?

Quod pia, et prudens quod casta, quod
fœmina nupta
Semper es, hoc etiam semper es una
modo

Et maritum quod ames, marito quod
amata vicissim

Semper es, hic constans semper et
una manes

O Utinam: quoniam sic semper es una,
liceret

Una te nobis semper, Eliza, frui!

REMARKABLE OCCURRENCES.

Randolph, Virginia, Dec. 17.

ON the 10th inst., as captain Thomas Lamson and his son Ira Lamson, together with another young man, were cutting timber, the two young men having cut a large tree nearly off, captain Lamson told his son to run and drive the oxen away, out of the reach of the tree; but seeing it was about to fall, he cried to him to look out. At this time he was out of danger; but, alarmed by the cries of his father, he turned and ran towards the tree, and continued a straight course towards his father, who stood near the roots of the tree, and had nearly reached him when it fell. The father, sensible of the fate of his son, ran, with great violence, to push him aside, to avoid the impending danger, and just reached him as it fell. They both fell at the same instant, the father with his arms stretched forth to snatch his son from immediate destruction; and had he advanced one step farther, must have shared the same fate! It is remarkable, that had he varied his course one foot either way he might have escaped unhurt, as the tree fell perfectly in his tracks. Not a groan escaped him, nor did he struggle or breathe afterwards. No pen can possibly paint the scene. In this awful situation he lay, with his ribs and shoulders very badly broken, and his head almost bruised to atoms, while the young man cut off the tree in two places; and the father, to prevent the head of his son from being torn to pieces, was obliged to hold it in his hands, as it lay under the tree.

We can only imagine the feelings of a parent on such a melancholy occasion. To captain Lamson, this scene must have been more than commonly trying, not only from the peculiar situation in which he himself was placed, at the time, but from the consideration of the character of his son. He was about 19 years of age, and for virtue and fidelity, few

young men in life sustained so high a character.

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Massachusetts.

The following is a record of the weather in the year 1780, twenty-five years ago, since which we have not had so severe weather till the present, 1805.

In the month of January, 1780, the mercury in the thermometer was, at one o'clock, the 28th day, 8 degrees below 0, in Boston. A philosophical gentleman, then in the town, observed, that the day following, viz. the 29th, was the coldest day we had experienced since 1755.

In that year, it was only one degree colder. Notwithstanding the severity of the weather at that time, one of the Boston pilots came to town on the ice from Thompson's Island, a distance upwards of three miles. The 31st of January, the weather was so cold as to prevent business abroad.

The snow, within fifteen miles of Boston, was so high as to oblige the people to travel on rackets to get fuel and their corn ground. The roads were so filled as to be opened by horses, oxen, and sleds; and, in some places, it could not be accomplished by these means. The quantity of snow then on the ground is said to have exceeded that in the year 1740. In some places, the snow was so deep as to render the roads impassable by horses. Some small sleds were drawn by hands fifty miles.

Charles river froze over, and Boston harbour was full of ice.

It has been observed, that the wind W. by S. brings the coldest weather.

On the 19th of February, 1780, the harbour of Boston began to open to Rainsford or Hospital Island, about six miles from town.

A thaw taking place rendered the roads extremely difficult to pass,

and almost impossible with loaded teams.

The diary of a country gentleman (not long since deceased) informs, that "water, contained in a silver cann, in his bed-chamber, in the night of April 1, 1780, froze into a solid body of ice." The spring of this year was uncommonly backward.

The gentleman mentioned found under chips in his yard a quantity of hard ice. The earliest fruit was not in bloom the last of April, nor any seed sown, large bodies of snow being yet on the ground.

Besides the foregoing events in the year 1780, we notice the 19th of May, when an unusual darkness encompassed the atmosphere in the day, and the darkness of the night is represented as Egyptian. A grand eclipse of the sun happened October 27th, 1780, visible in Boston: not a cloud to be seen during the eclipse. Without the influence of the sun, it was remarked, what a dismal region would the earth be.

Annapolis, Maryland, Feb. 14.

On Saturday last, the body of Mr. Searson Dove, of this city, who had been missing near three weeks, was found at Belmont, the plantation of J. T. Chase, Esq. On Sunday morning, a jury of inquest was held on the body, whose verdict was, "that he had perished and froze to death."

The Massachusetts legislature have unanimously concurred in the amendment to the federal constitution, proposed by North Carolina, to authorise congress to prohibit the further importation of slaves.

On the night of February 14, from the violence of the wind, one of the arches of the bridge over the Mohawk, at Schenectady, was blown over. This accident, we are told, was occasioned by the temporary work remaining as a support to the

arch. The loss is not mentioned, but supposed to be considerable.

Raleigh, N. C., February 18.

On Friday last, John Blount, Esq., of Chowan county, brought to this city Thomas Morris, charged with passing, in Edenton, counterfeit bills of the United States branch bank at New York, Baltimore, and Charleston. When Morris was taken up, he had six bills of one hundred dollars each, all counterfeit. He said he lived in Tennessee, but was born in Burke county, in this state, where his father now resides, and that he had received the bills from a William Wood of South Carolina. Having three horses with him, he said his business at Edenton was to sell them.

On Saturday, Mr. Blount lodged him in the jail of this county.

Notwithstanding that there is a law to prevent the carrying of slaves through this state, and a very heavy penalty on those who violate it, yet we are sorry to say that this inhuman traffic is still pursued.—Seldom a week intervenes, but three or four savage looking whites pass through this place, driving before them gangs of negroes from Maryland and Virginia, through this state, to South Carolina and Georgia.—During the late fall of snow, and hard weather, a great number of these unhappy creatures were brought to this place; one half took the road to the west, and the others to the south. This separation caused several of the blacks to be taken from their relatives and acquaintances, and afforded a scene, by their cries, truly distressing to any of the least humanity.

Much to the credit of John G. Rencher, Esq., of this county, he stopped the drivers of these slaves, but, while he was in search of an officer, they made their escape, and got out of the county before the sheriff, who lives out of town, could be had.

We learn that it is the determination of several magistrates of this and the adjacent counties to arrest the first of those inhuman speculators who shall make his appearance with slaves for traffic.

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AMERICAN PHILOSOPHICAL
SOCIETY.

Communications.

On the Occultation of Aldebaran in the Disk of the Moon, 21st October, 1793, by J. I. de Ferrer.

Facts and Observations on the Beaver of North America, collected by Mr. Heckewelder; communicated by Dr. Barton.

On many of the Pernicious Insects of the United States; intended for the magellanic premium. (*Of this memoir, which obtained the premium, Dr. Benjamin Smith Barton was the author.*)

A set of tables, with their application, to a useful improvement in navigation and surveying, signed C. c. b. R., for the magellanic premium.

An account of the great cold at Northampton, Great Britain, January 7, 1776, by Dr. A. Fothergill.

DONATIONS.

For the cabinet.

A model of a life buoy, by T. Hamilton.

A model of his temporary rudder, by captain Mugford, of Salem, Massachusetts.

A number of shells and corals from Sumatra, by captain A. Newell, of Boston.

For the library.

Asiatic Researches, 7 vols., royal 4to., Calcutta, 1788 to 1801, from the society.

Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, second volume to ninth, 4to., 1788 to 1805, from the society.

Letters and Papers of the Bath and West of England Society, 9 vols., 8vo., 1783—9, by the society.

VOL. III. NO. XVIII.

Transactions of the Batavian Society of Haarlem, 30 vols., 8vo., old series, 1754 to 1793, 1 vol. new, 1799 to 1801, by the society.

Catalogue of the Library of the London Medical Society, 8vo., 1802, by the society.

Sixteen numbers of the Journals of the Royal Institution of Great Britain; also an account of the Library and Mineralogical Establishment, by the Society. London, 1800—3.

Supplement to the Encyclopedia, 3 vols, 4to., Philadelphia, 1803, by Thomas Dobson.

Voyage dans L'Egypt. Par Vivant Denon, 2 vols., imp. fol., by William M'Clure, Esq.

The works of James Wilson, Esq., 3 vols., 8vo., Philadelphia, 1804, by Bird Wilson, Esq.

Traite de la Fievre Jaune de L'Amerique, 8vo., Paris, 1803. Par L. Valentin, M. D., by the author.

Memorial of the French, in reply to the English, respecting the war of 1755, Philadelphia, 1757, by Dr. Mease.

Alcoran of Mahomet, from the French of Du Ryer, London, 4to., 1649. Assertion of the seven Sacraments, by Henry VIII, against Luther, 8vo., London, 1688, by T. Stretch, Esq.

Thesaurus Medicis, G. Smellie, 2 vols., 8vo., Edinburgh, 1788—9.—Collection of Pennsylvania Almanacs, by Franklin, &c., 1720 to 1748, by Dr. James.

Dr. Hawes' Annual Report to the London Humane Society, 1804.—Giles' Sermon on premature Interment. Cautions concerning the Poisons of Lead and Copper, by Dr. A. Fothergill.

Narrative of the Sufferings of Captain Woodward among the Malays, 8vo., London, 1804, by William Vaughan.

English translation of the Geometria of Peter Ramus, from the original, Hanover, 1611, by T. Hamilton.

Account of the Re-establishment, &c. of the University of Wilna, in Russia, by A. Stroynowsky, rector of the university.

American Coast Pilot, by L. Furling, Newburyport, 1800. Geography of J. Payne, 4 vols., 8vo., New York, 1800. Roman Conversations, by J. Wilcocks, 2 vols., 8vo., London, 1797. Recherches Physiques sur le Feu, par Marat, 8vo., Paris, 1780, by J. Vaughan.

Deposited with the society, by William Loughton Smith, Esq., a very valuable collection of engravings, and books relative thereto; sent to this country, from Italy, by his brother, Joseph Smith, Esq., in prosecution of a plan to promote a taste for the arts in the United States.

To the Editor of the Norristown Register.

Sir,

I wish, through the medium of your paper, to inform the neighbouring farmers, that they may have an opportunity of seeing that greatest of all modern improvements in agriculture, the thrashing machine.

It is needless to quote authorities for the advantages it possesses over thrashing by the flail, or treading by horses, I will only observe, that the machine erected in my barn, by Mr. David Prentice, is of the most approved kind, and clears out the grain without breaking the straw. It is calculated for two horses.

A trial was made of it last week in the presence of Dr. Mease, of Philadelphia. The horses being engaged, a pair of oxen were yoked to it. We first tried oats, when it thrashed and winnowed twelve bushels per hour. We then counted out three dozen sheaves of wheat, which were thrashed in eleven minutes. With a pair of horses, instead of oxen, it will move about one third faster, which is at the rate of sixteen bushels of oats, or two hundred and sixty sheaves of wheat, in an hour.

The holidays have prevented our proceeding with it, but I purpose to have it going on Monday next.

WILLIAM BAKEWELL.

Fatland Ford, Jan. 1st. 1805.

Mr. Thomas Beatt has constructed a grist-mill, saw-mill, and fulling-mill, to go with the tide (or any stream of an equal force).

The grist-mill has two pairs of stones, and is so constructed as to grind both together, or separate, with either flood or ebb, or the one with the flood and the other with the ebb.

The saw-mill and fulling-mill work on the same principle, either together or separate, with either flood or ebb.

The whole works on a water wheel that rises and falls with the tide or stream, and will work each mill separate, or either two or all together.

The model has been placed divers times on different places on the tide, and in the presence of a number of respectable citizens and men of mechanical genius, and is found to completely answer the end designed.

Mr. Beatt is a native of New Jersey, and a citizen of the township of Greenwich, in the county of Gloucester.

A model of this curious machine is in my possession, and may be seen gratis, by any citizen inclined to view the same.

JOHN FIRTH.

*Barnsborough, Gloucester county,
New Jersey, January 1, 1805.*

Presqu'île, Jan. 27.

We have had a very hard winter, so far; a great deal of snow; but people are healthy, and trade increases every day. Above 4000 barrels of salt have been hauled over from this place to La Bœuff, this winter; and traders are sending down to Buffalo, for more, to be sent on the ice, on sleds:—there is now advertisements up, for 30 to fetch salt upon the ice. What a vast benefit the salt trade will be to this country! The salt taken over to La Bœuff, and sent down the river, this last fall and winter, has caused a great deal of money to be

left in this country: a great deal of salt has gone down as far as Cincinnati. There are, this winter, between 30 and 40 flat-bottomed boats building at La Bœuff, to carry salt, and other produce, down French Creek against the spring opens, to go to Cincinnati; and there is a vessel building here, to sail on the lake. You may form an idea of the great advantages this country will receive from such an extensive trade as will be here in a short time. If we view its growth, what may we calculate on in ten years, from the present! Three years ago, the salt brought here was scarce sufficient to supply the people of this place; and now we can send five thousand barrels down the Alleghany. Land is rising to a great price; a few weeks ago, a tract of 400 acres sold for ten dollars fifty cents per acre.

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The number of barrels of pickled fish inspected in Massachusetts, according to the report of the Inspector General, from April 1, 1804, to January, 1805, was 19,163; half do. 537.

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COTTON MACHINE.

The ginning and carding part of this machine was invented some time ago, by Mr. M'Bride, in South Carolina, before he moved to this state, and may be used with great advantage by private families. He has lately, after many trials and much labour, constructed it to gin, to card, and to spin at the same time, by the turning of one wheel. It requires daily one person to attend it. It is not necessary to stop the machine, except for the purpose of mending a broken thread, or of taking away the full spools and putting empty ones in their places.—The threads break very seldom, and, by paying more attention to the workmanship, the inventor believes, that this inconvenience will be almost wholly removed. It spins

yarn of the size of seven hundred, at the rate of fifteen dozen in twelve hours, though it be constructed for spinning only fifteen threads at a time. It may be easily altered to spin yarn of any size in common use. Machines of this kind can be made either upon a small scale, to work by the hand of the attendant, or on a larger, to go by means of horses or water. After the portion of cotton, which each of the saws gives to their respective brushes, has passed through the cards and rollers which prepare and stretch them small enough for threads, without interfering, in the least degree, with each other, they are twisted close to the rollers, and gently taken on by the spools, which are regularly filled by means of another part of the machine which slowly recedes and returns for that purpose. Two sets of spools will suffice, as a reel is fixed at one end to reel one set while the other set is filling. The yarn spun by it is equal or superior to that spun upon the common family wheels.

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MARRIAGES.

February 9. AT Philadelphia, Mr. William Kennedy to Mrs. Pervian.

25. At Philadelphia, Mr. William Robinson, of Chester county, to Miss Mary Morrison.

28. At Philadelphia, Mr. William Bryant, cabinet maker, to Miss Margaret Delavau daughter of Mr. John Delavau, of Southwark.

March 1. Mr. Joshua Cresson to Miss Hannah Roper.

7. At Trenton, New Jersey, at the Friends' meeting-house, Mr. Joseph Abbot, of Nottingham, to Miss Ann Rickey, daughter of John Rickey, merchant.

At Philadelphia, Mr. John W. Scott, late editor and proprietor of the Philadelphia Repository, to Miss Jane Cooper.

10. At Philadelphia, Mr. Anthony Iretton to Miss Mary Tranor, both of Upper Derby, Delaware county.

At Philadelphia, Mr. William Cummings to Miss Mary Mullikin.

DEATHS.

January 30. IN the Pennsylvania hospital, Mr. Isaac M'Hugh, printer, late of Washington, Pennsylvania, in the 22d year of his age.

31. In Donegal township, Lancaster county, Alexander Lowery, Esq. Mr. Lowery was in his 79th or 80th year, and died much regretted, by his numerous friends and acquaintances. Through all the various walks of life, he was sociable, kind, and hospitable.

February 3. At Baltimore, Capt. Jeremiah Yellot, merchant, of that city, after a lingering illness.

His resignation under his affliction was conformable with his life, exemplary, firm, and characteristic of a reconciled christian. Blessed with a large portion of the good things of this world, he used them correspondent to the apparent will of the Giver: liberal in his charities to the poor, bountiful to the meritorious in distress, and humane to all, few men have lived more beloved, few men have died whose loss will be more sensibly felt, than that of the deceased.

It is said, that after making ample provision for his wife and family, he hath willed considerable donations to charitable and public purposes in Baltimore.

4. At Haverhill, Massachusetts, the Rev. Hezekiah Smith, D. D., pastor of the baptist church in that place, and one of the fellows of Brown university, in the state of Rhode Island.

At two o'clock, the corpse was removed into the meeting-house, when the Rev. Dr. Stillman, in a judicious and well adapted discourse, founded on Acts xiii, 36, addressed a very crowded and deeply affected audience. After the public services, the body, preceded by the Merri-mack Humane Society, Fire Society, &c. and followed by the mour-

ners, neighbouring clergy, and a numerous procession of citizens, was conveyed to the still chambers of the dead.

This amiable man was born on Long Island, state of New York, April 21, 1737. He was a happy instance of early piety, as appears by his making a public profession of religion before he was 19 years of age. He was a graduate at Princeton college, at which university he took his master's degree, in 1765. The year preceding this, he visited New England, and preached in various places, and among christians of different denominations, to general acceptance.

His labours having been peculiarly blessed to many in the town of Haverhill, a baptist church was formed, in 1765, and Mr. Smith invited to take the pastoral charge. Yielding to their solicitations, he was installed, November 12, 1766.

He continued in the successful discharge of his pastoral duties, until the commencement of the American revolution. Though engaged in the sacred office, he did not relinquish his rights as a citizen. He saw, with deep concern, the freedom of his country invaded, and felt too sensibly interested to remain a silent spectator. Therefore, while the storm was increasing, and the fate of his country hung in awful suspense, his patriotic ardour compelled him to take a decided part. Accordingly, in 1776, he accepted an appointment from congress, as a chaplain in the army of the United States, in which service he continued until honourably discharged, in 1780. Such was his exemplary dignified behaviour, during his residence in the army, as to gain him the highest confidence and esteem of the officers, as well as the most affectionate regards of the men. Often did he expose his own life to danger in the time of battle, whilst encouraging and animating the soldiers, and in soothing the sorrows of the wounded and dying. Having finished the term of his engagement in the army, he returned to his be-

loved flock, and resumed again his pastoral functions.

As a preacher, Dr. Smith was equalled by few. His subjects were well chosen, and always evangelic. His voice was strong and commanding, and his manner solemn and impressive. In the endearing relations of husband, father, pastor, friend, he was faithful and most tenderly affectionate. He delighted in alleviating distress, and in making all around him happy.

In the death of this good man, science has lost a most zealous friend and patron. His unwearied exertions for the promotion of literature, as well as his personal donations, are well known, and will long be remembered.

His family and flock most sensibly feel his loss, as do his brethren in the ministry; whilst the town at large, many in the vicinity, a numerous circle of acquaintance, all mingle their sympathizing tears.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, from henceforth: yea, saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

Lately, in Amwell, New Jersey, — Naylor, aged about 103 years. She was born in that neighbourhood, in its first settlement. Her husband was killed in Braddock's expedition, in the year 1755, since which time she has remained a widow, being left with nine children. She enjoyed good health until within twenty-four hours of her decease, and last summer could walk two or three miles. It is remarkable, that, for upwards of fifty years past, her whole diet consisted of bohea tea and a little bread and butter, three times a day; and her amusement was continually smoking tobacco.

6. At New York, Mr. Gabriel W. Ludlow, in the 71st year of his age.

7. At Philadelphia, after a lingering illness, Mr. John McPherson, confectioner. He has left, to lament his removal, an affectionate wife and five small children. In him his family lost a kind husband

and a tender parent, society a valuable member, and his intimates a steady and a scrupulously honest friend. Of him it may be truly said, that his life was exemplary and pious, and his steps, in the christian race, firm, and characteristic of one who sought a better country.

At Philadelphia, of the small-pox, in the 30th year of her age, Mrs. Charlotte Lillibridge, consort of captain Robert Lillibridge, and daughter of the late Thomas Sabins, of Providence, Rhode Island.

9. At Philadelphia, in the 63d year of her age, Mrs. Rebecca Mayburry, relict of Thomas Mayburry, Esq., formerly of Potts-town, and daughter of the late Mr. Jeremiah Warder, merchant, of Philadelphia.

Of this worthy lady it can be truly said, that, in the several important relations of friend, wife, and mother, her conduct has been not merely blameless, but meritorious in a high degree. Benignity of disposition and genuine piety were the leading, but not the only ornaments of her character. By these she endeared herself to all her friends, and bequeathed to them, in the tenour of a long life, an example no less worthy to be admired than imitated.

At Philadelphia, Mr. Joseph Hardy, a worthy man, and a respectable citizen.

At Philadelphia, Mr. Robert Bishop.

In New York, the Hon. John Sloss Hobart, in the 67th year of his age, judge of the district court of New York. In the death of judge H., another of our revolutionary patriots has left the stage. During the war, he was employed in some of the most confidential and influential situations in New York, and always acquitted himself to public satisfaction. Mr. Jay, Mr. Hobart, and Mr. Yates were the three judges of the supreme court first appointed after the revolution. This situation he held for many years. He was once elected senator of the United States. Of judge Hobart it may with truth be said, that, from his

his earliest manhood to his death, no man ever sustained a more blameless and unspotted character.

In Nantucket, the Hon. Stephen Hussey, Esq., aged 69 years and 6 months, chief justice of the court of common pleas, and collector of the customs. In the year 1766, he was chosen a representative to the general court at Boston, and continued a representative successively, from the year 1768 until 1775; and at the close of the American revolutionary war, he took his seat in the first congress of the United States. He then received his commission as a civil magistrate and collector of the customs, both of which places he filled with satisfaction to the general government and his fellow-citizens, and presided as chief justice of the country, until the year previous to his death. He was of a mild, happy disposition and temper; an agreeable address; truly religious; indefatigable in fulfilling the duties of his office; no partizan, but an invaluable friend to the best interests of his country. He has left a widow and five children to bewail his loss.

In Wilton, Connecticut, Mrs. Rachel Betts, aged 102 years. She had enjoyed good health till within a few days of her death, which was occasioned by a fall upon the ice.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN MARCH.

Authors and publishers are requested to communicate notices of their works, post paid, and they will always be inserted, free of expence.

THE Philadelphia Medical and Physical Journal. Part Second of Volume I.—Conrad and Co., 1 dollar.

Medical Theses, selected from among the Inaugural Dissertations, published and defended by the Graduates in Medicine of the University of Pennsylvania, and of other Medical Schools in the United States; with an Introduction, Appendix, and occasional Notes, by Charles Caldwell, M. D., editor of the work.—Thomas and William Bradford, 2 dollars, in boards.

Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Correspondence of Sir William Jones, by Lord Teignmouth.—Poynsell and Co., 2 dollars, 75 cents.

A Treatise on Fractures, Luxations, and other Affections of the Bones, by J. P. Desault. Translated from the French, by Charles Caldwell, M. D.—2 dollars, 75 cents, for the translator.

NOTES FROM THE EDITOR.

THE editor was beginning to fear that his agreeable and valuable correspondent, Sabina, had laid aside the pen, when he received her communication. Unfortunately, it was a few hours too late for insertion in the present number, but it shall have due place in the next. Every thing from this hand is received with gratitude and pleasure. An old critic tells us, that a middling poet is intolerable: but if things are valued in proportion to their rarity, even a middling poet deserves to be highly prized. How much then must we value one *above* mediocrity!

A description, with a plate annexed, of a recent improvement in the steam engine will be inserted in our next; together with several other communications, received in the course of the present month.